

THE  
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

---

JANUARY 1901.

---

*WITH THE HUNTRESS.<sup>1</sup>*

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

THROUGH the water-eye of night,  
Midway between eve and dawn,  
See the chase, the rout, the flight  
In deep forest; oread, faun,  
Goat-foot, antlers laid on neck;  
Ravenous all the line for speed.  
See yon wavy sparkle beck  
Sign of the Virgin Lady's lead.  
Down her course a serpent star  
Coils and shatters at her heels;  
Peals the horn exulting, peals  
Plaintive, is it near or far.  
Huntress, arrowy to pursue,  
In and out of woody glen,  
Under cliffs that tear the blue,  
Over torrent, over fen,  
She and forest, where she skims  
Feathery, darken and relume:

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by George Meredith.  
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Those are her white-lightning limbs  
Cleaving loads of leafy gloom.  
Mountains hear her and call back,  
Shrewd with night: a frosty wail  
Distant: her the emerald vale  
Folds, and wonders in her track.  
Now her retinue is lean,  
Many rearward; streams the chase  
Eager forth of covert; seen  
One hot tide the rapturous race.  
Quiver-charged and crescent-crowned,  
Up on a flash the lighted mound  
Leaps she, bow to shoulder, shaft  
Strung to barb with archer's craft,  
Legs like plaited lyre-chords, feet  
Songs to see, past pitch of sweet.  
Fearful swiftness they outrun,  
Shaggy wildness, grey or dun,  
Challenge, charge of tusks elude:  
Theirs the dance to tame the rude;  
Beast, and beast in manhood tame,  
Follow we their silver flame.  
Pride of flesh from bondage free,  
Reaping vigour of its waste,  
Marks her servitors, and she  
Sanctifies the unembraced.  
Nought of perilous she recks;  
Valour clothes her open breast;  
Sweet beyond the thrill of sex;  
Hallowed by the sex confessed.  
Huntress arrowy to pursue,  
Colder she than sunless dew,

She, that breath of upper air ;  
Ay, but never lyrist sang,  
Draught of Bacchus never sprang  
Blood the bliss of Gods to share,  
High o'er sweep of eagle wings,  
Like the run with her, when rings  
Clear her rally, and her dart,  
In the forest's cavern heart,  
Tells of her victorious aim.  
Then is pause and chatter, cheer,  
Laughter at some Satyr lame,  
Looks upon the fallen deer,  
Measuring his noble crest ;  
Here a favourite in her train,  
Foremost 'mid her nymphs, caressed ;  
All applauded. Shall she reign  
Worshipped? O to be with her there !  
She, that breath of nimble air,  
Lifts the breast to giant power.  
Maid and man, and man and maid,  
Who each other would devour  
Elsewhere, by the chase betrayed,  
There are comrades, led by her,  
Maid-preserver, man-maker.

## *OUR BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.*<sup>1</sup>

BY GEORGE M. SMITH.

If periodicals may be said to have birthdays, this is a CORNHILL MAGAZINE birthday. As has been recorded by the graceful pen of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie,<sup>2</sup> the first number was published in January 1860. Mrs. Richmond Ritchie writes of her impressions of the event from the home of the editor, and gives a charming picture of the domestic excitement caused by her father's new experience in editorship. My recollections are generally of a more matter-of-fact character, and must needs be related in a more commonplace manner.

Early in 1859 I conceived the idea of founding a new magazine. The plan flashed upon me suddenly, as did most of the ideas which have in the course of my life led to successful operations. The existing magazines were few, and when not high-priced were narrow in literary range, and it seemed to me that a shilling magazine which contained, in addition to other first-class literary matter, a serial novel by Thackeray must command a large sale. Thackeray's name was one to conjure with, and according to the plan, as it shaped itself in my mind, the public would have a serial novel by Thackeray, and a good deal else well worth reading, for the price they had been accustomed to pay for the monthly numbers of his novels alone.

I had, at first, no idea of securing Thackeray as editor. In spite of all his literary gifts I did not attribute to him the business qualities which go to make a good editor. But a novel by Thackeray was essential to my scheme. I wrote on a slip of paper the terms I was prepared to offer for his co-operation, and I went to him with it. I had previously published 'Esmond,' 'The Kickleburys on the Rhine,' 'The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century,' 'The Rose and the Ring,' and I had an impression that Thackeray liked my mode of transacting business. I said I wanted him to read a little memorandum, and added, 'I wonder whether you will consider it, or will at once consign it to your wastepaper-basket!'

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1900, by George M. Smith, in the United States of America.

<sup>2</sup> See CORNHILL MAGAZINE, July 1896.



Here are the *ipsissima verba* of my proposal :

'Smith, Elder, & Co. have it in contemplation to commence the publication of a Monthly Magazine on January 1st, 1860. They are desirous of inducing Mr. Thackeray to contribute to their periodical, and they make the following proposal to Mr. Thackeray :

'1. That he shall write either one or two novels of the ordinary size for publication in the Magazine—one-twelfth portion of each novel (estimated to be about equal to one number of a serial) to appear in each number of the Magazine.

'2. That Mr. Thackeray shall assign to Smith, Elder, & Co. the right to publish the novels in their Magazine and in a separate form afterwards, and to all sums to be received for the work from American and Continental Publishers.

'3. That Smith, Elder, & Co. shall pay Mr. Thackeray 350*l.* each month.

'4. That the profits of all editions of the novels published at a lower price than the first edition shall be equally divided between Mr. Thackeray and Smith, Elder, & Co.

'65 CORNHILL: *February 19th, 1859.*'

Thackeray read the slip carefully, and, with characteristic absence of guile, allowed me to see that he regarded the terms as phenomenal. When he had finished reading the paper, he said with a droll smile: 'I am not going to put such a document as *this* into my wastepaper-basket.'

We had a little talk of an explanatory kind, and he agreed to consider my proposal. He subsequently accepted it, and the success of this part of my plans was assured.

My next step was to secure an editor. I applied in the first instance to Mr. Tom Hughes, who received me with the genial manner for which he was remarkable, but he would not say 'Yes.' He had thrown in his lot, he explained, with Macmillan's, and with characteristic loyalty did not feel free to take other literary work. Several other names came under consideration, but none seemed to be exactly suitable, and I was at my wits' end. All my plans, indeed, were 'hung up,' pending the engagement of an editor. We were then living at Wimbledon, and I used to ride on the Common before breakfast. One morning, just as I had pulled up my horse after a smart gallop, that good genius which has so often helped me whispered into my ear, 'Why should not Mr. Thackeray edit the magazine, you yourself doing what is necessary to supplement any want of business qualifications on his part? You know that he has a fine literary judgment, a great reputation with men of letters as well as with the public, and any writer would be proud to contribute to a periodical under his editorship.'

After breakfast I drove straight to Thackeray's house in

Onslow Square, talked to him of my difficulty, and induced him to accept the editorship, for which he was to receive a salary of 1,000*l.* a year.

Then I set to work with energy to make the undertaking a success. We secured the most brilliant contributors from every quarter. Our terms were lavish almost to the point of recklessness. No pains and no cost were spared to make the new magazine the best periodical yet known to English literature.

The name of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE was suggested by Thackeray, and was, at the time, much ridiculed. Sarcastic journalists asked whether it suited the 'dignity' of literature to label a magazine with the name of a street? Should we not next have such periodicals as 'The Smithfield Review,' or 'The Leadenhall Market Magazine'? But the name CORNHILL MAGAZINE really set the example of quite a new class of titles for periodicals—titles that linked the magazines that bore them to historic localities in London, where perhaps they were published. Thus we have since had 'Temple Bar,' 'Belgravia,' 'St. Paul's Magazine,' the 'Strand,' &c., &c.

Thackeray wrote an excellent advertisement of the new magazine, in the form of a letter which is worth reproducing.

'THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE,' Smith, Elder, and Co.  
65, Cornhill, 1st November, 1859.

#### A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR TO A FRIEND AND CONTRIBUTOR.

DEAR —. Our Store-House being in Cornhill, we date and name our Magazine from its place of publication. We might have assumed a title much more startling: for example, 'The Thames on Fire' was a name suggested; and, placarded in red letters about the City, and Country, it would no doubt have excited some curiosity. But, on going to London Bridge, the expectant rustic would have found the stream rolling on its accustomed course, and would have turned away angry at being hoaxed. Sensible people are not to be misled by fine prospectuses and sounding names: the present Writer has been for five-and-twenty years before the world, which has taken his measure pretty accurately. We are too long acquainted to try and deceive one another; and were I to propose any such astounding feat as that above announced, I know quite well how the schemer would be received, and the scheme would end.

You, then, who ask what 'THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE' is to be, and what sort of articles you shall supply for it?—if you were told that the Editor, known hitherto only by his published writings, was in reality a great reformer, philosopher, and wisacre, about to expound prodigious doctrines and truths until now unrevealed, to guide and direct the peoples, to pull down the existing order of things, to edify new social or political structures, and, in a word, to set the Thames on Fire; if you heard such designs ascribed to him—*risum teneatis*? You know I have no such pretensions: but, as an Author who has written long, and had the good fortune to find a very great number of readers, I think I am not mistaken in supposing that they give me credit for experience and observation, for having

lived with educated people in many countries, and seen the world in no small variety; and, having heard me soliloquise, with so much kindness and favour, and say my own say about life, and men and women, they will not be unwilling to try me as Conductor of a Concert, in which I trust many skilful performers will take part.

We hope for a large number of readers, and must seek, in the first place, to amuse and interest them. Fortunately for some folks, novels are as daily bread to others; and fiction of course must form a part, but only a part of our entertainment. We want, on the other hand, as much reality as possible—discussion and narrative of events interesting to the public, personal adventures and observation, familiar reports of scientific discovery, description of Social Institutions—*quicquid agunt homines*—a Great Eastern, a battle in China, a Race-Course, a popular Preacher—there is hardly any subject we *don't* want to hear about, from lettered and instructed men who are competent to speak on it.

I read the other day in 'The Illustrated London News,' (in my own room at home,) that I was at that moment at Bordeaux, purchasing first-class claret for first-class contributors, and second class for those of inferior *crû*. Let me adopt this hospitable simile; and say that at our contributors' table, I do not ask or desire to shine especially myself, but to take my part occasionally, and to invite pleasant and instructed gentlemen and ladies to contribute their share to the conversation. It may be a Foxhunter who has the turn to speak; or a Geologist, Engineer, Manufacturer, Member of the House of Commons, Lawyer, Chemist,—what you please. If we can only get people to tell what they know, pretty briefly and good-humouredly, and not in a manner obtrusively didactic, what a pleasant ordinary we may have, and how gladly folks will come to it! If our friends have good manners, a good education, and write in good English, the company, I am sure, will be all the better pleased; and the guests, whatever their rank, age, sex be, will be glad to be addressed by well-educated gentlemen and women. A professor ever so learned, a curate in his country retirement, an artisan after work-hours, a schoolmaster or mistress when the children are gone home, or the young ones themselves when their lessons are over, may like to hear what the world is talking about, or be brought into friendly communication with persons whom the world knows. There are points on which agreement is impossible, and on these we need not touch. At our social table, we shall suppose the ladies and children always present; we shall not set rival politicians by the ears; we shall listen to every guest who has an apt word to say; and, I hope, induce clergymen of various denominations to say grace in their turn. The kindly fruits of the earth, which grow for all—may we not enjoy them with friendly hearts? The field is immensely wide; the harvest perennial, and rising everywhere; we can promise competent fellow-labourers a welcome and a good wage; and hope a fair custom from the public for our stores at 'THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.'

W. M. THACKERAY.

The cover of the magazine, designed by Mr. Godfrey Sykes, a young student at the South Kensington Schools of Art, had the good fortune to strike the popular taste, and I still think it most effective. When I showed the sketch of the cover to Thackeray, he said: 'What a lovely design! I hope you have given the man a good cheque!' The only complaint that has ever been made against the design is that the sower shown in it is sowing with his left hand. But a sower uses his hands alternately. He goes down the row scattering with his right

hand, and as he comes back he scatters with his left. I was in the country just after this criticism on the design appeared in the papers, and actually saw a man sowing with his left hand; and, of course, I made the most of the circumstance.

It was arranged that Thackeray was to write 'Lovel the Widower' for the magazine; but we thought it well to secure a second novel, and decided on asking Anthony Trollope to write a serial.

In his 'Autobiography' Trollope describes his astonishment at finding the CORNHILL MAGAZINE, after its advent had been announced so long, still unsupplied with a serial, and he quotes this as a proof of Thackeray's incorrigible habit of loitering. 'Framley Parsonage,' he says, had to take the foremost place in the new magazine in default of a novel which Thackeray *ought* to have written but did not. But there was no default on Thackeray's part. His 'Lovel the Widower,' as had been arranged, made its appearance in the first number of the CORNHILL. 'Framley Parsonage' was given the place of honour in the new magazine by Thackeray's own arrangement and on grounds of pure courtesy; it was exactly as a host would invite a guest to walk into a room before himself. This is an example of Thackeray's quaint and chivalrous courtesy in literary matters. He would not claim the first place in his own magazine. He looked upon himself as the host, and upon Trollope as his guest.

It occurred to me that if I could secure Tennyson as a regular contributor to the new magazine he would prove a great attraction. His 'Idylls of the King' had not long appeared, and I thought I would ask him to write for us another set of 'Idylls.' Tennyson was then on a visit to Mrs. Cameron on Putney Heath, and I wrote to ask if I might call upon him on a matter of business. He made an appointment, and during our interview I offered to pay him five thousand guineas for as many lines as were contained in the 'Idylls of the King' (in fact for 4,750 lines), on condition that the poems should be printed in the CORNHILL MAGAZINE and that I should publish them for three years afterwards. That offer was really a 'record' as far as the market rates of poetry up to that time were concerned. When compared with anything Tennyson had yet received for his poems it might fairly be described as extravagant.

Tennyson listened to my proposal with entire calmness. He asked me to smoke with him and chatted pleasantly; but gave me no idea as to whether my offer was acceptable. Mrs. Tennyson presently came into the room, and Tennyson, addressing

her, said: 'My dear, we are much richer than we thought we were. Mr. Smith has just offered me five thousand guineas for a book the size of the "Idylls." And,' he continued, 'if Mr. Smith offers five thousand, of course the book is worth ten!' A remark at which we all laughed. Nothing came of this proposal, which I had no temptation to renew after the rapid success achieved by the magazine. But Thackeray obtained from Tennyson his fine poem 'Tithonus' for the second number.

We had secured a quite remarkable body of contributors; public attention was keenly fixed on the new venture, and when the first number appeared in January 1860 the sale was astonishing. It was the literary event of the year. Along Cornhill nothing was to be seen but people carrying bundles of the orange-coloured magazine. Of the first number some 120,000 copies were sold, a number then without precedent in English serial literature.

The exhilarating effect of this success on its editor is amusingly described by Mr. James T. Fields in his 'Yesterdays with Authors.' Mr. Fields says:—

'The enormous circulation achieved by the CORNHILL MAGAZINE, when it was first started with Thackeray for its editor-in-chief, is a matter of literary history. The announcement by his publishers that a sale of a hundred and ten thousand of the first number had been reached made the editor half delirious with joy, and he ran away to Paris to be rid of the excitement for a few days. I met him by appointment at his hotel in the Rue de la Paix, and found him wild with exultation and full of enthusiasm for excellent George Smith, his publisher. "London," he exclaimed, "is not big enough to contain me now, and I am obliged to add Paris to my residence! Great heavens," said he, throwing up his long arms, "where will this tremendous circulation stop! Who knows but that I shall have to add Vienna and Rome to my whereabouts? If the worst comes to the worst, New York, also, may fall into my clutches, and only the Rocky Mountains may be able to stop my progress!" Those days in Paris with him were simply tremendous. We dined at all possible and impossible places together. We walked round and round the glittering court of the Palais Royal, gazing in at the windows of the jewellers' shops, and all my efforts were necessary to restrain him from rushing in and ordering a pocketful of diamonds and "other trifles," as he called them; "for," said he, "how can I spend the princely income which Smith allows me for editing the CORNHILL, unless I begin instantly somewhere?" If he saw a group of three or four persons talking together in an excited way, after the manner of that then *riant* Parisian people, he would whisper to me with immense gesticulation: "There, there, you see the news has reached Paris, and perhaps the number has gone up since my last accounts from London." His spirits during those few days were colossal, and he told me that he found it impossible to sleep, "for counting up his subscribers."

The success of the CORNHILL was so far beyond my expectation that I thought that its editor ought to share in the fruits of

that success; I told Mr. Thackeray he must allow me to double his editorial payment. He seemed much touched by my communication. I have said that our payments to contributors were lavish. As figures are generally interesting, I may mention that the largest amount expended on the literature of a single number was 1,183*l.* 3*s.* 8*d.* (August 1862), and the total expenditure under that head for the first four years was 32,280*l.* 11*s.*, the illustrations costing in addition 4,376*l.* 11*s.*

The largest payment made for a novel was 7,000*l.*, to Mrs. Lewes (George Eliot) for 'Romola.' The largest payment made for short articles was 12*l.* 12*s.* a page, to Mr. Thackeray, for his 'Roundabout Papers.' In regard to the payment to Mrs. Lewes, an incident seems to deserve honourable record as a signal proof of the author's artistic sensibility. Mrs. Lewes read part of 'Romola' to me, and anyone who has heard that lady read and remembers her musical and sympathetic voice will understand that the MS. lost nothing in effect by her reading. On the following day I offered her 10,000*l.* for the book for the CORNHILL MAGAZINE, and for a limited right to subsequent publication. It was stipulated that the book should form sixteen numbers of twenty-four pages each. Before the appearance of the first part Mrs. Lewes said that she found that she could not properly divide the book into as many as sixteen parts. I took exception to this alteration of our arrangement, and pointed out that my offer was based on the book being in sixteen parts, and that my calculations were made with regard to the MAGAZINE being able to afford a payment of so much a number. She said that she quite understood that the alteration would make a difference to me, but that she supposed the amount of the difference could easily be calculated. George Lewes and I did all we possibly could to persuade her to reconsider her decision, but in vain. We pointed out to her that the publication in the MAGAZINE was ephemeral, and that the work would be published in a separate form afterwards and be judged as a whole. However, nothing could move her, and she preferred receiving 7,000*l.* in place of 10,000*l.* for the book. 'Romola' did not increase the sale of the MAGAZINE; it is difficult to say what, if any, effect it had in sustaining the sale. As a separate publication it had not, I think, the success it deserved.

The first novel written by Miss Thackeray, the charming 'Story of Elizabeth,' appeared in the CORNHILL MAGAZINE towards the end of 1862. As I was coming away from her father one morning early in that year, she slipped out of the dining-room, put

a packet into my hand, said in a pretty, shy manner, 'Will you, please, read this, Mr. Smith?' and disappeared. The packet contained the 'Story of Elizabeth'; after reading it I had it put into type for the CORNHILL, and sent a proof to her father. When I next saw him I asked if he had read it. 'No,' he said; 'I tried to, but I broke down.' This was only one of a thousand indications of Thackeray's sensibility and of the great love between the father and daughter.

The first article Miss Thackeray wrote for the MAGAZINE was called 'Little Scholars,' and was printed in the fifth number. Thackeray sent it to me with a letter containing the following passage:

'And in the meantime comes a little contribution called "Little Scholars," which I send you and which moistened my paternal spectacles. It is the article I talked of sending to "Blackwood;" but why should CORNHILL lose such a sweet paper, because it was my dear girl who wrote it? Papas, however, are bad judges—you decide whether we shall have it or not!'

I find a characteristic postscript to this letter.

'Mrs. C—— growls—is satisfied—says she shan't write any more—and invites me to dinner.'

I must say that I think our success was well deserved. Our contributors gave the new magazine of their very best. No other group equally brilliant had ever been brought together before within the covers of one magazine. During the first year there were articles from the following writers:

ANTHONY TROLLOPE  
SIR JOHN BOWRING  
G. H. LEWES  
REV. F. MAHONY (FATHER  
PROUT)  
SIR JOHN BURGUYNE  
THORNTON HUNT  
ALLEN YOUNG  
MRS. ARCHER CLIVE  
M. J. HIGGINS (JACOB OMNIUM)  
THOMAS HOOD  
ALFRED TENNYSON  
GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA  
R. MONCKTON MILNES  
MRS. GASKELL  
FREDERICK GREENWOOD  
HERMAN MERIVALE  
REV. S. R. HOLE  
JOHN RUSKIN

ADELAIDE PROCTER  
HENRY COLE  
E. S. DALLAS  
ALBERT SMITH  
JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD  
SIR HENRY THOMPSON  
LAURENCE OLIPHANT  
MISS THACKERAY  
GEORGE MACDONALD  
JAMES HINTON  
MATTHEW ARNOLD  
MRS. BROWNING  
SIR JOHN W. KAYE  
FITZJAMES STEPHEN  
EDWARD TOWNSEND  
T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE  
LORD LYTTON  
CHARLES LEVER  
FREDERICK LOCKER

The CORNHILL MAGAZINE during many years contained illustrations, and it was no less distinguished for its artistic merit than



for its literature. Among the artists whose drawings appeared in the magazine were the following :

JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS  
F. SANDYS  
F. LEIGHTON  
RICHARD DOYLE  
FREDERICK WALKER  
GEORGE DU MAURIER  
SIR NOEL PATON  
CHARLES KEENE

F. W. BURTON  
S. L. FILDES  
HUBERT HERKOMER  
G. D. LESLIE  
MARCUS STONE  
MRS. ALLINGHAM  
F. DICKSEE  
E. J. PINWELL.

I may possibly at a future time ask the Editor of 'THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE' to allow me to submit to him a few jottings from my memory of some of these writers and artists.

Although we did our best to make the new venture a success, yet accidents will happen, and the launch of the CORNHILL was attended with one somewhat exasperating business blunder. When I had got the first number ready for press I was rather knocked up, and went with my wife for a three weeks' holiday to the Lakes. Those three weeks indirectly cost us a considerable loss in the advertising pages of the CORNHILL. I left instructions with my staff not to make any advertising contracts without reference to me. They received offers extending over twelve months at 6*l.* 6*s.* or 7*l.* 7*s.* a page—sufficiently good rates for magazines with the ordinary circulation. They forwarded these proposals to me, intimating that, unless they heard from me to the contrary by a given date, they would close with them. There was delay in the letter reaching me, and the contracts were made at those rates. But with the circulation reached by the CORNHILL the mere printing and paper cost us much more than the amounts we were to receive under the contracts. When I returned to London I made the rate twenty guineas per page.

In this connection I had a rather curious exposition of the science of advertising. The rate we charged was high; but measured against our circulation it was really much lower than that of any other magazine; and I was a little surprised that, considering the enormous publicity our pages offered to advertisers, they were not better filled. I found myself at a dinner-party sitting next to a well-known advertiser, and I thought I would try to get a solution of the puzzle. I began by saying I was not a canvasser for advertisements, but I wanted information. 'You advertise largely,' I said, 'in a certain magazine. You pay five guineas a page, and you know that the circulation of that magazine is not 10,000 copies. The CORNHILL has a circulation of more than



100,000 copies ; we charge twenty guineas a page for advertisements ; yet I don't find that advertisements come in to the extent I expected. If a circulation of 10,000 copies is worth five guineas a page, a circulation of 100,000 copies ought to be worth fifty guineas a page. And as we only charge twenty guineas, our rates are, proportionately, lower by more than fifty per cent. than those of other magazines. Why don't advertisers take advantage of what we offer ? ' Ah ! ' said the great advertiser, ' you evidently know nothing about it ; ' and he proceeded to expound to me, on the authority of his large experience, the true secret of advertising.

' We don't consider,' he said, ' that an advertisement seen for the first time by a reader is worth anything. The second time it is seen counts for a little—not much. The third time the reader's attention is arrested ; the fourth time he reads the advertisement through ; the fifth time he is probably a purchaser. It takes time to soak in. It is the number of the impressions that tells. Now you see,' he said, ' I can advertise five times in most magazines for twenty-five guineas ; but five times in the CORNHILL would cost me 100 guineas.'

This theory that it takes a *number* of impressions to make an advertisement effective is, perhaps, correct. I certainly had had an example of what my interlocutor meant many years previously, during my drives twice a week to Box Hill, to see my father during his last illness. On a tree by the roadside was a flaming placard, announcing some trumpery penny publication. The placard depicted a young woman, with long black hair, thrusting a dagger into the heart of a ruffianly looking man, with the blood spurting all over the neighbourhood. When I first saw the placard my eyes scarcely dwelt for a moment on it. It awakened no curiosity. But after seeing it twice a week for six weeks, that girl's figure had so 'soaked in' that I felt impelled to go and buy the publication.

We lightened our labours in the service of the CORNHILL by monthly dinners. The principal contributors used to assemble at my table in Gloucester Square every month while we were in London ; and these CORNHILL dinners were very delightful and interesting. Thackeray always attended, though he was often in an indifferent state of health. At one of these dinners Trollope was to meet Thackeray for the first time and was eagerly looking forward to an introduction to him. Just before dinner I took him up to Thackeray and introduced him with suitable

*empressement*. Thackeray curtly said, 'How do?' and, to my wonder and Trollope's anger, turned on his heel! He was suffering at the time from an ailment which, at that particular moment, caused him a sudden spasm of pain; though we, of course, could not know this. I well remember the expression on Trollope's face at that moment, and no one who knew Trollope will doubt that he *could* look furious on an adequate—and sometimes on an inadequate—occasion! He came to me the next morning in a very wrathful mood, and said that, had it not been that he was in my house for the first time, he would have walked out of it. He vowed he would never speak to Thackeray again, and so forth. I did my best to soothe him; though rather violent and irritable, he had a fine nature with a substratum of great kindliness, and I believe he left my room in a happier frame of mind than when he entered it. He and Thackeray afterwards became close friends.

These CORNHILL dinners gave rise to another incident which at this distance of time seems trivial enough, but which, at the moment, caused some indignation in my own immediate circle.

Mr. Edmund Yates, who had had a dispute with Thackeray which ended in Mr. Yates's compulsory withdrawal from the Garrick Club, did me the honour of writing an article for a New York paper disparaging the CORNHILL MAGAZINE, making a false statement as to its falling circulation, and describing one of these dinners, at none of which he was present. Yates represented me as a good man of business, but an entirely unread person; and, by way of throwing ridicule on the CORNHILL functions, told—or rather mistold—a story of what had been said at one of the dinners.

The story in the New York paper was made the subject of an article, of the sneering type, in the 'Saturday Review.' The 'Saturday Review's' article left me quite undisturbed, but my wife, who was ill at the time, was much annoyed, and Thackeray, with generous sympathy, rebuked the 'Saturday' in a brilliant 'Roundabout Paper,' entitled 'On Screens in Dining-Rooms.' 'That a publisher should be criticised for his dinners, and for the conversations that did *not* take place there, is this,' asked Thackeray, 'tolerable press practice, legitimate joking, or honourable warfare?' Shortly after the 'Saturday Review' article appeared, Trollope walked into my room and said he had come to confess that *he* had given Yates the information on which his article was founded. He expressed the deepest regret, and said:

'I told the story not against you, but against Thackeray.' I am afraid I answered him rather angrily. Trollope, however, took it very meekly, and said: 'I know I have done wrong, and you may say anything you like to me.'

The house at which these CORNHILL dinners took place had been previously occupied by Mr. Sadleir, notorious for his frauds, who was found dead on Hampstead Heath with a silver cream-jug by his side which had contained prussic acid. By some defect in the construction of the house, when the front door was opened the drawing-room door also slowly opened, and the wind lifted the carpet in slight waves. Thackeray, whose humour was sometimes of a grim sort, was never tired of suggesting that it was Sadleir's ghost come in search of some deeds which had been hidden under the floor. Why, he would demand in anxious tones, did I not have the carpet taken up and the deeds discovered? He pretended to account for my indifference on the subject to his own satisfaction by saying: 'I suppose you think any deeds you find will be forged?'

The monthly dinners were not our only alleviations of the regular routine of business. Whenever any new literary arrangement with Mr. Thackeray was pending, he would playfully suggest that he always found his mind clearer for business at Greenwich than elsewhere, especially if his digestion were assisted by a certain brown hock, at 15s. a bottle, which Mr. Hart, the landlord, used to produce. On these occasions Sir Charles Taylor, a very agreeable and prominent member of the Garrick Club, a friend of Thackeray, and an acquaintance of mine, was always present. Beyond an occasional witticism, Sir

<sup>1</sup> 'Two years since I had the good fortune to partake of some admirable dinners in Tyburnia—magnificent dinners indeed, but rendered doubly interesting from the fact that the house was that occupied by the late Mr. Sadleir. One night the late Mr. Sadleir took tea in that dining-room, and, to the surprise of his butler, went out, having put into his pocket his own cream-jug. The next morning, you know, he was found dead on Hampstead Heath, with the cream-jug lying by him, into which he had poured the poison by which he died. The idea of the ghost of the late gentleman flitting about the room gave a strange interest to the banquet. Can you fancy him taking his tea alone in the dining-room? He empties that cream-jug and puts it in his pocket; and then he opens yonder door, through which he is never to pass again. Now he crosses the hall: and hark! the hall door shuts upon him, and his steps die away. They are gone into the night. They traverse the sleeping city. They lead him into the fields, where the grey morning is beginning to glimmer. He pours something from a bottle into a little silver jug. It touches his lips, the lying lips. Do they quiver a prayer ere that awful draught is swallowed? When the sun rises they are dumb.'—*Roundabout Papers*.

Charles Taylor did not take part in our negotiation (and, indeed, there was no negotiation, for I cannot remember a single instance in which Mr. Thackeray demurred to any proposal that I made to him), but his social gifts made our little dinners very pleasant. One little anecdote may indicate the somewhat unconventional manner in which the business of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE was occasionally treated. Trollope came to me in Pall Mall, where we now had a branch office, to arrange for a new serial. I told him my terms, but he demurred to my offer of 2,000*l.*, and said that he had hoped for 3,000*l.* I shook my head. 'Well,' he replied, 'let us toss for that other 1,000*l.*' I asked him if he wished to ruin me, and said that if my banker heard of my tossing authors for their copyrights he would certainly close my account; and what about my clerks? How I should demoralise them if they suspected me of tossing with an author for his manuscript! We ultimately came to an agreement on my terms, which were sufficiently liberal. But I felt uncomfortable—I felt mean—I had refused a challenge. To relieve my mind I said, 'Now that is settled, if you will come over the way to my club, where we can have a little room to ourselves for five minutes, I will toss you for 1,000*l.* with pleasure.' Mr. Trollope did not accept the offer.

The large number of copies printed obliged us to go to press earlier in the month than most of the magazines, and we found some difficulty in getting articles up to time. There was an article by Mr. George Augustus Sala which was very much behind time, and the printer came to me with a long face. I said that I would call on Mr. Sala on my way to the City and try to get the article. I did call, and I knocked at the door of his chambers first with my knuckles and then with the knob of my stick, but without effect. There was no response. As I was going downstairs I met a friend of Sala whom I knew. 'If you are going to see Sala,' I said, 'you need not go upstairs, he's not there.' 'Do you want to see him?' he asked. 'Indeed I do,' said I. 'Then come up with me.' There was no knocking at the door this time; my friend produced a penny and put it into the slot which had been made for a letter-box. It had hardly ceased rolling on the floor before Sala appeared. He had only a page or two of his article to write, and I waited for it and carried it off. I had no idea of Mr. Sala's reason for 'sporting his oak' in this peculiar manner, and he did not vouchsafe any explanation.

The CORNHILL was edited by Thackeray from January 1860 to May 1862. I cannot truly say that he was, in a business sense,

a good editor, and I had to do some of that part of the work myself. This was a pleasure to me, for I had the greatest possible admiration and affection for him. Such a relation between editor and publisher would have worked ill in the case of some men; but Thackeray's nature was so generous, and my regard for him was so sincere, that no misunderstanding between us ever arose.

I used to drive round to his house in Onslow Square nearly every morning, and we discussed manuscripts and subjects together. Later in the day frequently came little notes, of which I have a large number, and of which the following is a characteristic specimen :

'36 O. S., S.W. : Jan. 1, 1861.

'MY DEAR S.,—

'H. N. Y. to all Smiths.

'I am afraid we can't get Loch. He has been advised not to write except his own book, whatever that may be.

'Stephen can't do anything for Feb.

'Wynter says he will do Bread.

'This is all the present news from

'Yours ever,

'W. M. T.'

Thackeray was far too tender-hearted to be happy as an editor. He could not say 'No' without himself suffering a pang as keen as that inflicted by his 'No' on the rejected contributor. He would take pains—such as, I believe, few editors have ever taken—to soften his refusal. The beautiful letter to Mrs. Browning, printed in Mrs. Ritchie's article before mentioned, is an example of the pains that he took in writing to the contributors of rejected articles.

Thackeray poured out his sorrows as an editor in one of his 'Roundabout Papers.' It is entitled 'Thorns in the Cushion,' and is a good example of Thackeray's humour and an illustration of the effect upon him of editorial duties. No one can read the article without realising as I did that Mr. Thackeray came to a wise decision when he resigned the editorship of the *MAGAZINE*, and thus consulted his own comfort and peace of mind.

I like to think that the tender heart of this noble man of genius was not troubled by editorial thorns during the remainder of his life. But in looking back it sometimes comes to me with a feeling akin to remorse that I was the instrument of imposing on him an uncongenial task, and that I might have done more than I did to relieve him of its burden.

*MORE LIGHT ON ST. HELENA.*

BEING EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF SIR GEORGE BINGHAM, K.C.B., LADY BINGHAM, COLONEL MANSEL, MAJOR HARRISON, AND COLONEL GORREQUER, DISCOVERED AND TRANSCRIBED BY MISS DOROTHY MANSEL PLEYDELL, EDITED BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, BART., M.P.

\* \* LORD ROSEBERY has brought so much sympathetic insight, such industry of collation, and such a nice literary judgment to the study of Napoleon's last mournful years that his narrative of the course of events on St. Helena must remain without a rival. One may fail—many students of the great Corsican's career must fail—to agree with him in tracing Napoleon's errors and misfortunes to physical decline from the date of Austerlitz. One may regret that intense commiseration for the caged tiger should so distort Lord Rosebery's sense of historic proportion that he should speak slightly, contemptuously of the Tory Cabinet who undertook the custody of one whom the Powers of Europe had condemned as a criminal; that he should hold them up to ridicule because the measures they took and the details they prescribed seem, at this distance of time, to have inflicted unwarrantable indignity and tedium upon their captive. And, in a less degree, some may consider that he is unnecessarily vehement in belabouring the hapless Sir Hudson Lowe, who, tactless and maladroit as he is shown to have been, at all events performed his duty according to his lights and succeeded in carrying out the purpose he was there to effect—namely, to prevent the escape, for the second time, of his formidable charge. Certainly his lordship comes short in these respects, if not of magnanimity, at all events of that enviable intellectual detachment which served him so well in his monograph of Pitt. All this and perhaps more may be said in criticism, without detracting from Lord Rosebery's latest volume as a consummate piece of work, a masterly study of the unique situation which is the subject thereof. He has covered the ground so thoroughly, disentangled so adroitly the contradictory records of the period, and so mercilessly stripped from the island group the mists of prejudice and falsehood which have so long hung round them, that anything further on the subject might be deemed superfluous. But he points to one

corner of the field upon which full light has not yet been shed. 'One circumstance,' says he, 'remains to be noticed. Of the last three years of Napoleon's life we know scarcely anything. From the departure of Gourgaud in March 1818 to the end of May 1821 we know practically nothing. We know what the English outside reported. We have an authorised, but not very trustworthy, record from within. But, in reality, we know nothing.'

Now it is no ignoble curiosity that makes one wish to draw the veil further aside. There is nothing tempting in the tittle-tattle which circles so busily about the privacy of the great. But, knowing how Napoleon bore himself in his power, one longs to follow him reverently among the shadows. 'Come and see how a Marshal of France dies!' cried Ney in the supreme agony of Waterloo; yet death came not then, nor, when it came a little later, was it one befitting a Marshal of France; but we are privileged to see how an Emperor of the French draws near to death.

The following extracts are from unpublished letters and journals of English ladies and gentlemen. The originals were collected after Napoleon's death and copied into three books by Miss Margaretta Pleydell, whose great-grand-niece, Miss Dorothy Mansel-Pleydell, has been at the pains of making a fresh copy with a view to publication. As they cover the period indicated by Lord Rosebery as wanting in record, it is thought that the present is a fitting opportunity to lay the most interesting passages before the public.

## I.

[Sir George Bingham, K.C.B., commanded the 53rd Regiment, which remained in garrison at St. Helena during the first three years of Napoleon's captivity. He sailed with Napoleon in the *Northumberland* and kept a diary during the voyage, from which the following extracts have been made.]

*Monday, August 7th, 1815.*—Early in the morning the luggage of Napoleon came on board, and several servants and persons of his suite to prepare the cabin that was to receive him. About 2 o'clock he left the *Bellerophon* and came alongside the *Northumberland*, accompanied by Lord Keith. The guard turned out and presented arms, and all the officers stood on the quarter-deck to receive Lord Keith. Napoleon chose to take the



compliment to himself. He was dressed in a plain green uniform, with plain epaulets, white kerseymere waistcoat and breeches, silk stockings, and small gold shoebuckles; his hair out of powder and rather greasy; his person corpulent; his neck short, and his *tout ensemble* not at all giving an idea that he had been so great, or in fact was such an extraordinary man.

He bowed at first coming on deck, and having spoken to the Admiral,<sup>1</sup> asked for the Captain of the ship. In passing towards the cabin he inquired who I was. The Captain introduced me; he then inquired the number of the regiment where I had served, and if the 53rd was to go to St. Helena with him. He then repeated to an officer of artillery the same questions. From him he passed to Lord Lowther, to whom he addressed several questions, after which he retired to the cabin. The Admiral, who was anxious that he should as early as possible be brought to understand that the cabin was not allotted to him solely, but was a sort of public apartment, asked Lord Lowther, Mr. Lyttleton, and myself to walk in. Napoleon received us standing. The Lieutenants of the ships were brought in and introduced, but not one of them spoke French; so they bowed and retired, and we remained. Mr. Lyttleton, who spoke French fluently, answered his questions; after we were tired of standing we retired. Half an hour afterwards he came on deck and entered into conversation with Mr. Lyttleton; he spoke with apparent freedom and great vivacity, but without passion. He rather complained of his destination, saying it had been his *intention* to have lived in a retired manner in England, had he been permitted to have done so. He replied freely to several questions put to him by Mr. Lyttleton relative to what had happened in Spain and other parts. This interesting conversation lasted at least an hour, at the end of which we retired.

At six o'clock dinner was announced; he ate heartily, taking up both fish and meat frequently with his fingers; he drank claret out of a tumbler mixed with a very little water. Those of his attendants who were received at the Admiral's table were Bertrand (Grand Marshal), the Countess his wife, Montholon (General of Brigade and A.D.C.), and Las Cases, wearing the uniform of a Captain in the Navy, but called a Councillor of State.

The discourse was on general and trifling subjects, after which he talked to the Admiral about Russia and its climate, and of

<sup>1</sup> Sir George Cockburn,



Moscow without seeming to feel the subject; he spoke as if he had been an actor only, instead of the author of all those scenes which cost so much bloodshed.

We rose immediately after dinner, and the Admiral begged me to attend Napoleon. He walked forward to the fore-castle, where the men of the 53rd Regiment and the Artillery were on the booms. They rose and took off their caps as he passed; he appeared to like the compliment, and said he was formerly in the Artillery. I answered, 'Yes, you belonged to the Regiment De La Fère,' on which he pinched my ear with a smile, as if pleased to find I knew so much of his history. He walked for some time, and then asked us in to play cards; we sat down to *vingt-un*.

He showed me his snuffbox, on which were inlaid four silver antique coins, with a gold one on the side. Madame Bertrand told me he had found these himself at Rome. He did not play high at cards, and left about fifty francs to be distributed amongst the servants. The latter part of the evening he appeared thoughtful, and at a little past ten he retired for the night.

*Tuesday 8th.*—The weather was squally, and there was a heavy sea; most of the party were affected by the motion of the vessel. Napoleon did not make his appearance.

*Wednesday 9th.*—Napoleon at dinner asked many questions, but appeared in low spirits. He brightened up afterwards, and came on deck, and asked if among the midshipmen there were any who could speak French; one of them had been at Verdun, and understood it a little. The Captain of Marines appeared on deck; he inquired who he was, and where he had served; when he told him he had been at Acre, he appeared particularly pleased. He talked a good deal with this officer, walking the deck with his hands behind him. At eight o'clock he retired to the cabin and played cards, at which he lost, and observed that good fortune had of late forsaken him. About ten o'clock he retired for the night.

*Thursday 10th.*—Napoleon did not appear till dinner-time; he was affected by the motion of the vessel, and said very little. He made an attempt to play at cards, but was obliged to give it up and retire early.

*Friday 11th.*—Blowing weather, and Bonaparte invisible the whole day.

*Saturday 12th.*—Napoleon made his appearance early, and looked better than usual; he walked the deck, supporting himself

on my arm. How little did I ever think, when I used to consider him one of the first generals in the world, that he would ever have taken my arm as a support ! He spoke but little at dinner, but conversed half an hour afterwards with the Admiral. At cards this evening he was evidently affected with the motion of the ship, and retired early.

*Sunday 13th.*—The Chaplain dined with the Admiral. Napoleon asked a number of questions relative to the reformed religion. He did not display much knowledge of the tenets of our Church, or of the English history at the period of the Reformation.

He played with his attendants at cards as usual ; the English did not join.

*Monday 14th.*—Napoleon asked at dinner a number of questions relative to the Cape, and whether any communication was carried on by land with any other part of Africa by means of caravans. His information on these, as well as on other topics connected with geography, appeared very limited ; and he asked questions that any well-educated Englishman would have been ashamed to have done. The evening passed off with cards as usual.

*Tuesday 15th.*—Napoleon's birthday. The Admiral complimented him on the occasion, and his attendants appeared in dress uniforms.

After dinner a long conversation took place, which turned on the intended invasion of England. He asserted that it was always his intention to have attempted it. For this purpose he sent Villeneuve with his fleet to the West Indies, with orders to refresh at one of the French isles, to return without loss of time, and immediately to push up the Channel, taking with him the Brest fleet as he passed. It was supposed that this trip would have withdrawn the attention of our fleets.<sup>1</sup> Twenty thousand men were ready at Boulogne to embark at a moment's notice. Under cover of this fleet he calculated he could have debarked this army in twenty-four hours.

The landing was to have taken place as near London as possible ; he was to have put himself at the head of it, and have

<sup>1</sup> In 1805, Villeneuve was ordered to take the Toulon fleet to the West Indies, in order to lure Nelson, who had been watching him for eighteen months, across the Atlantic. Villeneuve, giving Nelson the slip in March, obtained a start of six weeks with eighteen sail of the line. Nelson followed with ten sail of the line, and upon his approach to Martinique Villeneuve declined battle and returned to Europe.

made a push for the capital. He added : ' I put all to the hazard ; I entered into no calculation as to the manner in which I was to return ; I trusted all to the impression the occupation of the capital would have occasioned. Conceive then my disappointment when I found that Villeneuve, after a drawn battle with Calder, had stood for Cadiz—he might as well have gone back to the West Indies. I made one further attempt to get my fleet into the Channel ; but Nelson destroyed it at the battle of Trafalgar, and I then, as you know, fell with my whole force on Austria, who was unprepared for this sudden attack, and you remember how well I succeeded.'

At cards this evening he was successful, winning nearly eighty napoleons ; he evidently tried to lose it again. He was in good spirits at the idea of success on his birthday, having been always of an opinion that some days are more fortunate than others. It was nearly eleven o'clock when he left the card-table.

*Wednesday 16th.*—Bonaparte did not appear till dinner-time ; he was in good spirits, and asked as usual a variety of questions. After dinner, in his walk with the Admiral, he was quite loquacious, having, besides his usual allowance of wine (two tumblers of claret), drunk one of champagne, and some bottled beer. He said he apprehended that the means of sending him to St. Helena might have fatal consequences ; he hinted that the people of France and Italy were so much attached to him that they might revenge it by the massacre of the English ; he acknowledged, however, that he thought his life safe with the English, which it might not have been had it been entrusted to the Austrians or Prussians.

Of this life he appears tenacious ; one of his *valets de chambre* sleeps constantly in his apartment ; nor does it appear, either from his own accounts or those of his attendants, that he was very prodigal of it at the battle of Waterloo, certainly the most interesting one of his life, and on which his future destiny turned. Not one of his personal staff was wounded, and had he been in the thickest of the fight, as Wellington was, they could not have escaped. But to return to the conversation. He said that after the Austrian war Beauharnais<sup>1</sup> and the people about him told him it was

<sup>1</sup> Eugène de Beauharnais, step-son of Napoleon, Viceroy of Italy and Prince of Venice ; strange advice to come from the son of Josephine !

absolutely necessary for him to marry again, to have heirs for the sake and succession of France. The Emperor of Russia offered him the Archduchess Ann. A council was held on the subject, and, in taking into consideration this marriage, a clause providing for the free exercise of the Greek religion, and also that a chapel should be allowed in the Tuileries for the worship of that faith, was strongly objected to by some of the members, as likely to render the marriage unpopular in France. At this moment Schwarzenberg offered a Princess of the House of Austria. Napoleon replied it was quite indifferent to him; so, as they gave him no trouble on the subject, this business was speedily settled. This was at ten o'clock at night; before midnight the copy of a treaty was drawn out (copied nearly word for word from the marriage contract between Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette), signed by him, transmitted to Vienna; and Maria Louisa became the new Empress.<sup>1</sup>

*Thursday 17th.*—Napoleon did not make his appearance till dinner. He conversed a little, and retired early to the after cabin; he remained but a short time at the card-table.

In conversation with Sir George Cockburn last night it turned on Waterloo. He said that he would not have attacked Wellington on the 18th had he supposed he would have fought him. He acknowledged that he had not exactly reconnoitred the position. He praised the British troops, and gave the same account of the final result as in the official despatch. He denied that the movement of the Prussians on his flank had any effect; the malevolent, he said, raised a cry of *Sauve qui peut!* and as it was already dark he could not remedy it. 'Had there been daylight,' he added, 'I should have thrown aside my cloak and every Frenchman would have rallied round me; but darkness and treachery were too much for me.'<sup>2</sup>

*Saturday 19th.*—At dinner, Napoleon talked of Toulon with animation. He said the only wound he had ever received was from an English sailor (by a pike) in the hand, at the storm of Fort Mülgrave, the possession of which led to the evacuation of that town. This led to talking of the Navy; he said the only good naval officer he had had was one whose name he pronounced Cas-mo, who, when Admiral Dumanoir was acquitted by a court-martial (having been tried for leaving the battle of

In 1810.

Compare Las Cases (English edition, 1824, vol. iii., pp. 286-310).

Trafalgar, and for having afterwards surrendered to Sir Richard Strachan), took the sword that was delivered to him by the President and broke it. The Admiral asked him for some other naval character, whose name I have forgotten; he answered, 'He behaved well in one action, I made him Admiral on the spot, and the consequence was the very next year he lost me two ships in the Bay of Rosas.'

In conversation with the Admiral before dinner he made the following remarkable observation, 'I was at the head of an army at twenty-four; at thirty, from nothing I had risen to be the head of my country, for as First Consul I had as much power as I afterwards had as Emperor. I should have died,' he added, 'the day after I entered Moscow; my glory then would have been established for ever.' The Admiral replied that to be a truly great character it was necessary to suffer adversity as well as prosperity; he assented, but said, 'My lot has been a little too severe.'

*Sunday, August 20th.*—Napoleon at dinner again began to question the chaplain respecting the reformed religion; whether we used the crucifix; how many sacraments we had? Grace was said, and he asked whether it was a *benedicite*.

He walked for a considerable time by moonlight; and seeing the Admiral did not play at cards, refrained himself.

*Thursday 24th.*—We were standing on and off in Funchal roads. The British Consul dined on board the *Northumberland*; he was asked a number of questions about the island by Napoleon; the heights, the number of inhabitants, &c. The flippant, pert manner of this gentleman greatly annoyed Bonaparte, and he remained silent for the rest of dinner; after which he walked, leaning on the Admiral's arm; but on the Consul joining them, he immediately retired to his own cabin, which he did not leave for the night.

*Friday 25th.*—We left Madeira, and on the 27th passed through the Canary Islands.

In one of his conversations, Napoleon talked of the new Prussian Constitution, and complained of the admission of the people into the States; freedom, he said, would answer in England, but nowhere else. The Admiral reminded him of what he had himself done in France, which he said he was obliged to do, to secure a momentary popularity. He seemed to think that no one could manage the French but himself, but by no means hinted

that he had ever intended they should have more than the semblance of a free constitution.

*Sunday 27th.*—At dinner an argument arose on the subject of religion; the ladies were the principal speakers, but it was one with which they were evidently not acquainted. At length high words took place between Montholon and Gourgaud, the latter accusing Montholon of wanting respect for his wife. The Admiral put a stop to the argument by rising from the table; but it is not difficult to perceive that envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness are firmly rooted in Bonaparte's family; and that their residence at St. Helena will be rendered very uncomfortable by it. The subject of religion was started by the Admiral telling Napoleon that a Portuguese priest had offered to attend him to St. Helena. Napoleon returned an answer that proved his perfect indifference to the thing; but the ladies requested to know whether there *was* anything of the kind in the island, which occasioned the argument above mentioned.

*September 5th.*—There has been of late but little conversation with Bonaparte, and nothing worthy of observation till yesterday, when, in the afternoon walk, Egypt was mentioned. The Admiral asked him if there was any truth in the report of the massacre of the Turks at Jaffa. He frankly confessed there was; he said these people had been made prisoners before, and had promised not to serve again, instead of which they threw themselves into the town. They were summoned, and threatened with no quarter if they resisted; they did resist, and consequently were put to death. He then talked of poisoning his own people, and said: 'That is a story Wilson got hold of; the idea, though agitated, was never carried into execution; and the circumstance that did take place is as follows: When retreating from before Acre, there remained some men in the hospital at Jaffa, whose death was certain, and whom it was impossible to remove. I knew that if the men were left to Dyazza Pascha he would have impaled them or made them suffer great tortures; to avoid which, as their recovery was quite out of the question, I proposed that a certain quantity of laudanum should be given to each. The chief surgeon of my army refused; he said his business was to cure, not to destroy. The affair was then debated in council, when some were in favour of the measure, and others against it. At last the surgeon declared that if a force was left for forty-eight hours the men in question would all be dead. I remained twenty-four

hours myself, and left a rearguard twenty-four hours more, when, the men being all dead, the force was withdrawn.'

He said that he had had the plague himself, and that he constantly visited the plague hospitals while in the command of the army on that station.

He talked of the Queen of Prussia, and said she was a very fine woman, and that she had been brought into his company to get what she could. After he had paid her many compliments and presented her with a rose, she asked for Magdeburg; he added, 'Had she made the application sooner, I might have presented it to her, but affairs were gone so far, and were so settled, that I could not have complied without having altered the whole of the treaty. When she found she could not gain from me what she wanted, she altered her behaviour to me.'

*Monday 11th.*—To-day Napoleon observed to the Admiral that on his return from Elba he received, shortly after his arrival at Paris, a private communication from Ferdinand VII., stating that whatever demonstration he might make in concert with the Allies, it should be confined to that and that his troops should not enter France; adding to this, many upstart expressions of esteem. He also said that a similar communication had been made from the Portuguese Regency, which accounts for their refusal of troops and their conduct towards Beresford, &c.

Yesterday at table he spoke of the Turks and their manner of eating, taking up their rice, fowls, or other meat with their fingers. This brought on a story, after he had left the table, from Madame Bertrand, that when Bonaparte was first Consul the Turkish Ambassador was at table, when green peas made their first appearance at the commencement of the season, into which he darted his fingers; and that Josephine, seeing what he had done, ordered the dish to be instantly removed. General Gourgaud said it was impossible that a person of such manners as she possessed would be guilty of so much rudeness. Having brought General Gourgaud forward, I must say that he seems the only man of ability among them, and I make no doubt that he is a good officer and a true Frenchman.

*Tuesday 12th.*—Yesterday the captain of marines (Beattie) dined at the Admiral's table; he had been in Egypt, and the conversation turned on this, Bonaparte's favourite subject.

He asked a variety of questions; whether Captain B. had observed his (Bonaparte's) tent on Mount Carmel. He said that



a shell fell very near him one day at the siege of Acre, and that two men clasped him in their arms, choosing rather to destroy themselves than that any injury should happen to their chief. One of these men was a private in the Chasseurs, and is now a general. He lost his arm at the battle of Borodino, and was made Governor of the Castle of Vincennes. When the Allies penetrated into France in 1814 this officer was summoned to surrender. He answered that when they restored him the arm he had lost in Russia he would comply with their request.

After dinner Napoleon was again questioned on the subject of his projected invasion of England. Sir George Cockburn said that many people in the country were persuaded it was never intended otherwise than merely as a feint, and to put us to expenses; his answer was:—

‘Mr. Pitt never thought so; I had well weighed the consequences, and I calculated that if I did not succeed the demonstrations would do me great disservice, as it would make the English a military nation, and at the same time would give the ministers a command of money, since no other measure could authorise them to call for so large a sum as in this case was requisite. I was very well pleased to see the preparations the English made on the coast opposite Boulogne, at which place it was never my intention to have attempted a landing. I kept up this farce by frequent embarkations and by the exercise of my flotilla. My real point of attack would have been somewhere between Margate and Deal. I calculated that I could have possessed myself of the lines of Chatham as a point of retreat. I should then have pushed for London, and, had I arrived there, I should have offered very moderate terms of peace, taking care, however, so far to cripple you that you could have done no further mischief, nor have disturbed my future plans. Whether I should have succeeded or not I can’t say, but such were my projects.’

He then talked of Ireland, where he said he had as many friends amongst the Protestants as amongst the Catholics.

‘An expedition for the country was at one time nearly ready to sail. It was to have left Antwerp, and have gone north, and was to have landed thirty thousand men in the North of Ireland. Roger O’Connor was to have accompanied them; but I knew better than to trust him with the command. I granted them everything they asked, relative to the settlement of the government of the country, if it should have been conquered. It



mattered little to me whether they adopted a republican or any other form of government; my sole object was to divide it from England, and to have occupied the attention of the English in reconquering or tranquillising it. Could the division once be effected, peace, and the ultimate ruin and subjugation of both countries, would have been the consequence. I carried on my communications with Ireland by means of the smugglers; they were the most staunch friends I had. At one time they offered to carry off Louis XVIII. from Hartwell, and to deliver him to me. I declined this, as I should not have known what to have done with him; but I found the smugglers exceedingly useful and intelligent.'

I forgot to mention that, when Bonaparte was talking of having London in his possession, the Admiral asked him if he did not think it a politic measure to fortify all capitals, and why he had never fortified Paris. His answer was, that every capital ought to be put out of the power of any enemy to insult; many instances had occurred where the occupation of a capital had occasioned the conclusion of a war. 'For myself,' he added, 'I never was so firmly established as to be able to attempt it at Paris; I owed my empire to the popular prejudice, and I dare not so far insult it as to attempt fortification, which could not have united the people of that city.'

*Saturday 16th.*—Napoleon talked yesterday of his Russian campaign. He said that he ought to have halted at Smolensko; that had he done so, he should have entered on the next campaign with such reserves as would have insured him success. He had a twofold object in this campaign: one was to erect, in the establishment of the kingdom of Poland, a barrier against Russia; the other was to compel that power to embrace the continental system. He said he had encouragement given him before he entered Russia to advance and free the peasantry; he added he entered Moscow almost without opposition, and that he remained there for two days with the most flattering prospects. On a sudden the town was observed to be on fire in several places; he thought it had been done by his own people, and in riding towards it in order to stop it, soon discovered it to have been set on fire by the orders of Rostopchin. Three hundred Russians were shot by his orders, having been found with matches in their hands. He himself remained in the Kremlin as long as he was able, and had at last great difficulty in getting his horses through the burning town.

The country-house to which he went was three miles from the city, but the atmosphere was so heated that they were obliged, even at that distance from the conflagration, to close the windows and exclude the air entirely.

*Thursday 21st.*—We have seen but little of Bonaparte lately; he now seldom or never plays at cards, never appears till dinner-time, and stays but a short time on deck. He writes a good deal, or rather dictates, for he writes so illegibly himself that he generally employs Las Cases as an amanuensis.

The Admiral asked him yesterday if, when he meditated his invasion of England, he had any idea of the strength of the lines of Chatham. He said he had no exact plan of them, but that he had understood there *were* lines there. He said he had at that time his information from Goldsmith, who transmitted every intelligence to him by the smugglers; he was aware, he said, that the same men furnished our Government with information in return, but he had no other means of obtaining it himself. The English Government endeavoured as much as possible to prevent a correspondence with France, and he (Bonaparte) appointed Gravelines as the only place where he allowed any communication to take place; at the same time he watched them very narrowly.

Yesterday Gourgaud showed me a map on a very large scale of the environs of Brussels, which the Emperor used the day of the battle of Waterloo. The English position was marked in pencil, and a scale added near in red lead to show the neighbouring distances.

Napoleon has a Mameluke sabre with this inscription on it: '*This is the sabre the Emperor carried at the battle of Aboukir.*' It is very handsomely mounted in gold. . . . Gourgaud talked to me of the number of people he had killed in the course of his services with his own hands, and he showed me *his* sword, on which he had displayed in the waterwork a Cossack attacking and just on the point of killing the Emperor, with the following explanation: 'Gourgaud, first orderly to the Emperor, shooting with a pistol the Cossack who attacked him near Brienne.'

[Sir George cannot be suspected of having invented this incident, yet it throws a striking light on the untrustworthiness of Gourgaud's own narrative, which, Lord Rosebery believes, suffered less than the rest from the air of unveracity pervading St. Helena. 'Gourgaud,' writes Lord Rosebery, 'was supposed, by Warden at any rate, to have had his sword engraved with an account of this

exploit. This was all very well ; but Napoleon heard too much of it, and so the following scene occurred [at St. Helena] :—*Gourgaud* : ‘ I never had engraved on my sword that I had saved your life, and yet I killed a hussar that was attacking your Majesty.’ *Napoleon* : ‘ I do not recollect it.’ *Gourgaud* : ‘ This is too much !’ And so poor *Gourgaud* storms. At last, the Emperor puts a stop to this outburst of spleen by saying that *Gourgaud* is a brave young man, but that it is astonishing that with such good sense he should be such a baby.’<sup>1</sup>]

*Monday, October 2nd.*—As the voyage lengthens, Napoleon grows more tired of his confinement, and has less and less intercourse with any of us. His attendants are divided into parties, and do nothing but abuse each other behind their backs.

In a conversation between Bonaparte and the Admiral, the former confessed that he could have raised more than 800,000,000 of livres a year in France, even when he had extorted to the utmost, in the last year of his reign. In answer to a question put to him relative to the greatest number of men he ever had in action under his command, he said he had 180,000 at the battle of Eylau, and 1,000 pieces of cannon ; the allies had nearly the same number.

*Thursday 5th.*—The day before yesterday Napoleon got hold of the Life of Nelson, which was read to him by Bertrand, and in which he appeared to be particularly interested.

At dinner he talked a good deal about Corsica, and said we had committed one great fault when in possession of that island.

‘ Paoli,’ he said, ‘ expected to have been made Viceroy when he introduced you into the island, and had you done so and given him 20,000*l.* per annum, you might have defied the whole force of France, and the island would have been yours now. He knew how to treat the Corsicans, who cannot be governed in the same manner as you would treat other nations.’

Bonaparte said he had obtained great supplies of wood from Corsica, although there existed a great prejudice against it in the navy ; but he could furnish at the dockyard at Toulon ten masts from that island at the same price as one from Riga. . . . He frequently says with a sigh. ‘ The French nation have not a turn for the sea ; I never could have got a French ship into the order that this is.’

*Tuesday 10th.*—Saturday evening we were surprised, on going

<sup>1</sup> Lord Rosebery’s *Napoleon*, p. 42.

into the cabin, to find the ex-Emperor reading a fairy tale, of course to a very attentive audience. . . . Bonaparte appeared to read well, but very fast, and several times laughed heartily.

Yesterday he produced a snuffbox which had on it a beautiful portrait of young Napoleon. He was represented in the uniform of the Lancers of the Guard; his hands clasped towards heaven, imploring its blessings for his father and his country. It was painted when he was about four years old, and during his father's misfortunes.

[The Dutch Baron de Dedem, who commanded a brigade in Davoust's advanced guard in the invasion of Russia, has left record of an instance of Napoleon's absorbing devotion to this boy.

Napoleon seated himself at the beginning of the battle<sup>1</sup> upon the ruins of a great redoubt, and then moved three hundred paces forward on the edge of a ravine. They brought him word from time to time of the result of movements which he had ordered; he seemed to receive all reports with equal indifference, as much that of the enemy having retaken the central redoubt as of the splendid devotion of our troops and of the fine cavalry charge which rendered us masters of the position. He held in his hands a portrait of the King of Rome which the Empress had sent him by M. de Bausset; he played with it and kept saying, 'Let us see what he will be at five-and-twenty.' The Imperial Guard was massed as a reserve behind him, 36,000 strong. Their trumpets flourished, while the rest of the army strove for victory. In vain, when the Russians began to fall back, did Marshal Ney implore the Emperor to move up only the Young Guard, which probably would have delivered into our hands 15,000 or 20,000 of the enemy who took the direction of Kalouga. These owed their safety to the inaction of the Guards, and especially to Napoleon's indecision.]

After dinner he walked four hours with the Admiral, and conversed with great freedom; he gave him a sketch of his life, and said that until after the battle of Lodi, he entertained no idea beyond his profession. . . . It was at this time Sir Sidney Smith applied to him to assist him in his exchange, which he declined, saying he had entirely withdrawn himself from public business. The Government then wished to employ him as a diplomatist, which he refused, as he also did the command of an army destined to invade England. They then prepared an expedition to Egypt, which he immediately caught at as a means of withdrawing himself from France until his schemes were more matured. He foresaw that if he could escape the English fleet his career would be a brilliant one.

The death of the Duc d'Enghien he avowed; he said the conspiracies formed against him by the Royalists were numerous, and it was a measure of necessity to secure his throne.

<sup>1</sup> Of Borodino.

## II.

[Napoleon landed at St. Helena on October 15, 1815, just three months after his surrender to Captain Maitland of the *Bellerophon*. Mr. Wilkes, Governor of the island, was a servant of the East India Company; therefore Napoleon remained under custody of Admiral Sir George Cockburn until the arrival of Sir Hudson Lowe in the following April. Sir George Bingham continued in command of the 53rd Regiment for a year, when he was appointed Brigadier-General on the Staff of the island, his brother-in-law, Lieut.-Col. Mansel, taking command of the regiment. From their letters some interesting details may be gleaned of life on the island in general, and of the captivity in particular.]

*From Sir George Bingham to Lady Bingham.*

*St. Helena, Nov. 13, 1815.*—My last letter was from Plantation House, where I spent a very pleasant week with Governor Wilkes and his family. I left it on Monday 20th to go to James Town<sup>1</sup> to the Admiral's ball, which was very well attended; dancing began about nine, and was kept up till seven the next morning with great spirit. As I had been staying with the Wilkes, I danced with the ladies of that family and, at the Admiral's request, with Madame Bertrand, who was there in great splendour, with a dress valued at 500*l*. Madame de Montholon was also there with a necklace said to be worth twice that sum. Two hundred persons sat down to supper.

*December 6.*—Longwood is now ready for the reception of Bonaparte, and I called at the Briars to-day to accompany him thither. He received me, with some apologies, in his *robe de chambre*, and excused himself from going that day on account of the smell of the paint.

He appeared to be in unusually good spirits, having on the table English papers to September 15. The greater confusion there is in France, the greater chance he thinks there is of his being allowed to return, as he thinks the English Government will be obliged to recall him to compose the confusion that exists in that unhappy country.

*21st.*—Since I last wrote, Napoleon has been removed to

<sup>1</sup> The capital and only town in St. Helena.

Longwood. He appears in better health, and has been in good spirits. I called on him on Monday and had a long audience, in which he was very particular in his questions relating to our mess, entering into the most minute particulars, even so far as to ask who cooked for us, male or female, white or black?

On Friday I met him as I was marching with my regiment. He rides with a British officer every day within his bounds, but never exceeds them; this he cannot reconcile himself to.<sup>1</sup>

His attendants, as usual, are split into parties and have procured the removal of Bertrand from the superintendence of the household, though he has at least the merit of being Napoleon's oldest and most faithful servant.

*January 1, 1816.*—Last Tuesday I introduced all the officers of the 53rd to Bonaparte. It was evidently an effort on his part, although the proposal in the first instance came from himself. He asked a number of questions which were exceedingly absurd. He has been in great spirits lately; he has heard that 'All the Virtues,'<sup>2</sup> with Sir Francis Burdett at their head, were to advocate his cause and recall, and he sanguinely looks forward to the result.

*8th.*—Since I last wrote, I have dined with Napoleon. It was a most superb dinner which lasted only forty minutes, at the end of which we retired into the drawing-room to play cards. The dessert service was Sèvres china, with gold knives, forks, and spoons. The coffee-cups were the most beautiful I ever saw; on each cup was an Egyptian view, and on the saucer a portrait of some Bey or other distinguished character; they cost twenty-five guineas the cup and saucer in France. The dinner was stupid enough; the people who live with him scarcely spoke out of a whisper; and he was so much engaged in eating, that he hardly said a word to anyone. He had so filled the room with wax candles that it was as hot as an oven. He said to me after I had entered the drawing-room, 'You are not accustomed to such short dinners.'

He has generally one or two officers of the 53rd to dinner, or rather supper, for it is half-past eight before he sits down.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It became so intolerable to him that for years he never got upon a horse.

<sup>2</sup> The Opposition in Parliament, so named after the precedent of Pitt's last Administration, which was known as 'All the Talents.'

<sup>3</sup> He dined at first at seven, though he afterwards changed the hour to four. Just before Gourgaud left (March 1818) there was a new arrangement. The midday breakfast was abolished, there was dinner at three, and supper at ten,

*February 14th.*—Yesterday I went to call on Bonaparte; he was going out in his carriage, and insisted on my going with him, and we had a drive together of three miles. He always asks after you,<sup>1</sup> and to-day, when he heard a packet was arrived from England, he said, 'Now the Colonel will hear from Lady Bingham.'

*April 19th.*—I called on Bonaparte last Sunday, before the *Phaeton* had anchored, to announce to him the arrival of the new Governor. He received me in his bedroom *en robe de chambre*, and a dirtier figure I never beheld! He was pleased with the compliment.

He received Sir Hudson Lowe last Wednesday with marked attention, behaving at the same time in a manner pointedly rude to Sir George Cockburn.

You have no idea of the dirty little intrigues of himself and his set; if Sir H. Lowe has firmness enough not to give way to them, he will in a short time treat him in the same manner. For myself, it is said I am a favourite, though I do not understand the claim I have to such. Cockburn has certainly used great exertions to make him as comfortable as circumstances would permit, and for this and for the care he took of him on board the *Northumberland* he did not deserve to be treated as he was on that day. . . . There have been the usual fracas continued in the family. About a week since it was intimated to Madame Bertrand that, as she was so fond of the English and partial to their society, she might save herself the trouble of attending at dinner. The Emperor had dined in his own room the day before, fearing he could not have kept his temper and have displayed a scene before the servants. Madame then made known that Napoleon was frequently in the habit of using language neither kingly nor even gentlemanly towards his attendants, and that the ladies even were not respected in these fits of rage. The interdiction lasted a week, at the end of which time it was signified that 'the Emperor *permitted* her to come to dinner.'

then a few days afterwards dinner is to be at two—changes suspected by Gourgaud as intended to suit the health and convenience of Madame de Montholon, but which were probably devised to beguile the long weariness of the day or to cheat the long wakefulness of the night. For he practically passed all his days in his hut, reading, writing, talking, but withal bored to death.' (Lord Rosebery's *Napoleon*, p. 151.)

<sup>1</sup> Lady Bingham.



Napoleon received the intelligence of the deaths of Murat and Ney with the greatest indifference. Of the former he observed that he was a fool and deserved his fate; he said he had behaved very ill to him, and had refused to lend him money when at Elba. Of the latter he said he had done him more harm than good, and did not appear to care the least about either.

[Sir George probably received this information from O'Meara, who, like Montholon and Gourgaud, claimed to be the first to bring him the news of Murat's execution. To O'Meara it is natural that Napoleon should not betray any emotion. With the others he was less reserved. He expressed to Las Cases, among others, his true appreciation of Murat as a cavalry commander. 'At Waterloo Murat had perhaps been worth a victory to us. What was wanted? To break three or four English squares? Murat was precisely the man for the job (*l'homme de la chose*).'] Nevertheless he knew Murat's untrustworthiness also. In afterwards he observed to Gourgaud:—'Murat only got what he deserved. But it is all my fault, for I should have left him a marshal, and never have made him King of Naples, or even Grand Duke of Berg.'

As to Ney and his fate, Gourgaud reports the Emperor as being alternately indignant and indifferent. Lord Rosebery concludes that Napoleon never forgot or really forgave his interview with Ney at Fontainebleau in April, 1814.]

(To be concluded.)



BLACKSTICK PAPERS. NO. 2.<sup>1</sup>

BY MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE.

## FELICIA FELIX.

*Introduction.*

*It chanced that the proof of this little paper reached the writer as she passed in a yacht along the coast where for so many years Felicia Felix dwelt and sang her song. Some conditions should make poets of us all. From the lady who owns the s.s. Palatine and the captain on the upper deck, to the least experienced guest on board, all the fresh beauty appealed with an irresistible charm. The weather was very fair after storms; young sea-gulls and guillemots were disporting themselves upon the crystal of the waters; a porpoise's back flashed in the sunlight; a far-away ship was sailing towards Cherbourg beyond the horizon. Near at hand rose the delicate intricate cliffs of Wales. Rocks, bearing their crown of summer green, and their peaceful flocks and garlands, but at the same time rooted bare and stern in their fastnesses below, and set at intervals with white fortresses.*

*From Southampton to Milford Bay the forts and lighthouses stand vigilant, while all the way the transparent waves dash along the shores, and the gulls' wings beat time to this beautiful natural concerto of strength and sweetness, to the 'measured chime, the thundering burst,' of which Mrs. Hemans herself has written, and written so well that, though her poems were not to be found on the amply stocked bookshelf in the saloon, of the five guests on board the hospitable Palatine, four quoted with pleasure and from memory from her writings as we sat round the table in the cabin, and above, the winds dance lightly over the waters. Fate at the wheel stands passionless while the yacht speeds on its way.*

It seems a long journey from Haydn's silent old age, in the grass-grown street, by the Schönbrunn Park in Vienna, to the western coast of England and the sentimental, emotional days of L. E. L. and of Keepsakes and Mrs. Hemans, when poetry was

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1900, by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, in the United States of America.

paramount and poetesses in demand; but these are the Blackstick Papers, and we travel about as the Fairy directs us, and so from the ancient suburb where the honoured master sat waiting the end among his ever-enduring scores, we come off to the rock-bound western shores and the coasts of Wales, where the poetess, whom we have called Felicia Felix, once sat writing, and weaving her own charming spells. They are in one respect like Vivien's spells—if we are to believe Mrs. Hemans' admirers—and made up of 'woven paces' and of poetry too. 'Thine agile step, the lightest foot e'er seen on earth,' wrote an old friend in his last days describing Felicia Hemans on her native cliffs.

Many years ago some one gave the writer a little miniature of Mrs. Hemans, by the help of which it is still quite possible to conjure up an outward semblance, and to put a shape to one's impression of the impulsive being who paid so dearly for her happiness, her sensibility, her undoubted powers and beauty, and her charming poetical gifts. Mrs. Hemans' touching lines 'To my own Portrait' may have applied to this very miniature:

Yet look thou still serenely on,  
And if sweet friends there be  
That when my song and soul are gone  
Shall seek my form in thee,  
Tell them of one for whom 'twas best  
To flee away and be at rest.

The picture represents a woman of about twenty-eight; she has dark glossy curls, delicately marked features, a high colour; her bright full sad eyes, her laughing lips, give one an impression of womanly predominance and melancholy and gaiety all at once. She wears a black dress with gigot sleeves and the jewellery of her time—the buckle, the hair chain and locket, and also a golden ornament in her dark hair. There is perhaps (but this is merest guess-work) a certain sense of limitation—shall I call it persistency?—in the general expression of the countenance. It is hard to generalise from so slight a sketch, but perhaps something of this impulsiveness and inadaptability may have been the secret of much of the trouble of her life.

Felicia Hemans, who had been married at twenty, and who at sixteen had first known and fallen in love with Captain Hemans, at twenty-five was already parted from her husband for ever; one of her children had died, the other four boys were left to her care, and she along with them had returned to her mother's home.

There are absolutely no other facts given of her domestic circumstances in the various memoirs of her by her own sister, by Mr. Henry Chorley and Mrs. Lawrence, published soon after her death, except the remarkable statement that Captain Hemans went away for change to Italy, and there remained for seventeen years, which certainly seems a very long time. We are, however, told that he occasionally wrote when necessity arose. After her mother's death Felicia Hemans offered to go out to join her husband, but to this he would not consent, and she then set to work to make a life for herself at home, to educate her children, and to go on writing poetry, to add the useful prose of pounds and shillings to her limited means. She wrote for her children's sake; she wrote for her own art's sake too. Some of her poems have become passwords in the land. Who does not still know 'Casabianca' and 'The Better Land'?

Among Mrs. Hemans's friends were Wordsworth and Walter Scott, who were fond of her. Her women friends were numerous and very enthusiastic. One of them, a well-known authoress, Miss Jewsbury, writes of her: 'I might describe her for ever, and never should I succeed in portraying Egeria! She was a Muse, a Grace, a variable child, a dependent woman, the Italy of human beings.'

I have advisedly called my little Paper 'Felicia Felix,' for, though her music was sad, the musician was sweet and full of charming harmonies; it was something no doubt of her own lament that she poured out in profuse strains of most natural and unpremeditated art. In *Annals* and *Forget-me-nots*, in *Poets' Corners*, she uttered her song and relieved her heart. She was not old even when she died; and she must have enjoyed singing and pouring forth to the last. Her pretty name, her charming countenance, her luxuriant curls and old-patterned graces, perhaps still add to the interest which belongs to her personality. The men and women of England and America were delighted with her, everyone—but one person. Indeed, I have read an article in a magazine of that day in which she is compared to Desdemona, though Desdemona, as we know, only *sang* her songs, and they were not published till after her death.

To return to Mrs. Hemans, we learn that editors wrote by every post for contributions from her pen, and admirers trod on each other's heels, and packets of poetry arrived by every mail; also there came messages and compliments from America, where,

if she would have consented to settle down, Felicia was offered a definite competence by a publishing firm. There is a story of a chair in which she once sat kept sacred and apart in a gentleman's library and shown to admiring visitors.

The poetess has herself described some of her own following of 'plaguing admirers,' 'teasing adorers,' &c. &c. Her spirits would rise on occasion, and she enjoyed the moment to the full; but all the same it is very plain that the poor soul was often sad at heart, and that a bright hearthstone would have been much more to her taste than the pedestal which she had to put up with.

All this was happening in the glorious days of innocent enthusiasm, in the days of Miss Mitford and Mme. de Staël, following upon the mysterious triumphs of Hannah More. Ladies held their own then, not by main force, but by divinest right. Corinnes were plentiful, and Edgermonds still more plentiful. 'Myself,' Felicia Felix once wrote on the margin of the book in which she had been reading one of Corinne's passionate outbursts. And so, though she wept, she must have also wiped away her tears, which brought her interest and friends and occupation, and which helped to educate her boys, whose loyal affection and admiration is pretty to read of still.

'Mrs. Hemans is somewhat too poetical for my taste,' said Sir Walter in 1823—'too many flowers and too little fruit; but that may be the cynical criticism of an elderly gentleman, for it is certain that when I was young I read verses with infinitely more indulgence, because with more pleasure than I can now.' Sir Walter Scott's criticisms were addressed to another friendly poetess, Joanna Baillie.

Mrs. Hemans once wrote a play about the Sicilian Vespers which fell very flat in London, to the bitter disappointment of her school boys. It was subsequently brought out by the Siddonses in Edinburgh, and with success, greatly owing to Sir Walter's kind auspices. 'I trust the piece will succeed,' he wrote to Miss Baillie again in 1824, 'but there is no promising, for Saunders is meanly jealous of being thought less critical than John Bull, and may perhaps despise to be pleased with what was less fortunate in London. I wish Mrs. Hemans had been on the spot to make any alterations, which the players are always demanding. I will read the drama over more carefully than I have yet done, and tell you if anything occurs. The enclosed line will show that the Siddonses are agreeable to act Mrs. Hemans's drama. When you tell the

tale say nothing about me, for on no earthly consideration would I like it to be known that I interfered in theatrical matters; it brings such a torrent of applications which it is impossible to grant and often very painful to refuse. Everybody thinks they can write blank verse, and "*a word of yours to Mrs. Siddons,*" &c. &c. I have great pleasure, however, in serving Mrs. Hemans, both on account of her own merit and your patronage.'

Most old letters that are worth keeping at all speak for themselves, and it is not only by what is in them but by what is left out of them that they speak, and tell us something of the people who wrote and of the spirit in which they wrote. The writer has been set thinking of Mrs. Hemans by a correspondence which came into her hands the other day through the kindness of Mr. Alfred Graves, who, at his uncle's death, found some letters which had passed between Mrs. Hemans and Dr. Robert Graves, her faithful friend and admirer. In this correspondence one meets with two interesting personalities—and yet it all reads more like the *echo* of a story rather than the story itself; though the manuscript lies there in the delicate even handwriting in which Dr. Graves has copied out the extracts. Most of them were afterwards published in Mr. Chorley's *Life of Mrs. Hemans*. The letters were edited by Dr. Graves, perhaps almost too scrupulously for our modern taste, which is interested in definite impressions and vivid details rather than in topographical generalities.

Felicia was a saddened woman, wistful, expecting more from life than life itself had to give, and looking to Nature for sympathy in her troubles. Dr. Graves was a very young man; for him too Nature was beautiful, only life was happy—the waters laughed, the skies were blue and laughed. He had just completed his college career, he was entering Holy Orders. Mrs. Hemans must have been about seven-and-thirty at this time, when he became tutor to her youngest son.

In all the correspondence between our poetess and her kind unchanging friend, the descriptions of scenery, the remarks upon life and literature, form the chief staple; there is little that is personal, and yet the trust and response between them will be felt and realised and reach us still. 'I was happy among you all,' she writes, or words to that effect; 'I found response for my heart and food for my mind as well.'

People certainly look upon poetry from very different points of view; one reads in this very correspondence of a religious-

minded Irish mother standing by her daughter's deathbed and exclaiming passionately, 'Oh! my child, my child, the pride of literature has destroyed you! . . .' The poor dying daughter had published some successful verses!

The latter five or six years of her life were spent by Mrs. Hemans in Ireland, where one of her brothers was then living, and where the Graves family, all kind good friends, were ready to welcome her, this one member being specially devoted to her.

There was certainly a great deal of friendship going in those days; people led more monotonous lives than they do now. Sentiment was more continuous, and much more a recognised condition of things than at present, when passions and money are our somewhat stagey ideals, and feeling itself has become a sort of Dumb Crambo.

When Dr. Robert Graves was eighty-five years old the centenary of Felicia Hemans' birth came round in the natural course of time, and his nephew has told me how the old friend, lying on his sick bed, rallied to dictate one last poem, one last greeting to the memory of the beautiful woman who had been his Egeria, and whom all his life long he had admired and loved.

Tresses of sunny auburn fell in ringlets  
And harmonized with thy soft hazel eyes.  
Thy height perfection, and thy springing motion  
Was as an Oread nymph's.

Everything was coming to an end, but the past was untouched, and its romantic friendship. It is like gazing at a beautiful prospect in Nature, to hear of a charming and faithful sentiment which time has not destroyed in its remorseless course.

One contemporary of Felicia's was L. E. L., who must have also loved her, for when Mrs. Hemans died L. E. L. wrote a farewell poem which speaks true feeling:

O weary one! since thou art laid  
Within thy mother's breast,  
The green, the quiet mother Earth,  
'Thrice blessed be thy rest.  
Thy heart is left within our hearts,  
Altho' life's pang is o'er,  
But the quick tears are in my eyes,  
And I can write no more.

## THE MILITARY LESSONS OF THE WAR.

### A REJOINDER.

SOME months ago the Editor of CORNHILL was good enough to insert as a separate article the concluding chapter of my 'Great Boer War' which dealt with the lessons which might be learned from that great experience and sketched out a method by which, it seemed to me, the military forces of this country might be made more formidable without an increase of expense. Since then my remarks have been subjected to a good deal of criticism, notably by Colonel Maude in the CORNHILL for December, by Mr. J. W. Fortescue in 'Macmillan' for November, and by Colonel Lonsdale Hale in the 'Times.' I should be glad to have the opportunity of dealing with one or two of the more important points which have been raised in this discussion.

And first of all allow me to say that I do not wish to approach this all-important subject in the petty spirit of a debating society. I have formed certain views upon certain facts, but I am prepared in an instant to modify them or to reverse them if I can persuade myself that I am mistaken. I do not wish to uphold a thesis for the pleasure of argument, nor do I desire to score points off any opponent. The matter is too grave for that. Discussion is always good, and if my views are unsound then even their refutation may help to clear up the question. In this spirit I have read carefully all that my critics have said, and now I find that, though I would soften down certain crudities in expression, and possibly modify some figures in my original article, there is not one of the propositions there which has been seriously shaken.

Both Colonel Maude and Mr. Fortescue come back with persistence to the theory that military affairs should be left to military men and that civilian comments are of the nature of impertinence. 'What would Dr. Conan Doyle say if officers lectured him upon medicine?' asks Colonel Maude, and the question at first seems a just one. 'These things should be left to the professional soldiers,' says Mr. Fortescue, and the comment might appear reasonable. Let us, however, examine the matter a little more closely.

Is the science of war really an abstruse and highly specialised branch of learning like the science of medicine, or is it a matter



upon which an amateur might, upon the strength of some thought and some reading, form and offer an opinion? I have shown what the opinions of Colonel Maude and Mr. Fortescue are. But the British Constitution which places a civilian as the administrative chief does not take this exclusive view. Nor does history bear it out. The greatest reforms in the military service of many countries have been carried out by civilians. The elder Carnot organised the armies of Republican France. What were his military qualifications? Von Stein built up the Prussian army after Jena. He was a civilian statesman. Lord Cardwell has left his mark deep upon the British army. He was not a soldier. Only the other day one Bloch wrote a book on the warfare of the future which foreshadowed with great accuracy the experiences of our recent campaign. His book was read with profit and admiration by soldiers, but he himself was a civilian. The very men, De Wet, Olivier, and Botha, who have held their own so well against our generals, have had no military training. It is then surely absurd to put forward as an argument that it is an intrusion for a civilian to place his opinion upon record, so long as he gives his reasons for the faith which is in him.

Having, then, as I hope, established the right to speak at all, I would next turn to an argument which crops up again and again in Mr. Fortescue's article, but which seems to me to be always beside the point. That is that a thing has been tried before, at some remote period of our history. Because the elder Pitt in 1757 could not make a thing work is no reason why it should not work now, and because dragoons became cavalry is no conclusive proof that mounted infantry have not a definite function in modern warfare. Not only has the change in weapons altered all conditions, but the national spirit has itself changed. For this reason all questions may be approached *de novo* and not referred back to a century-old precedent.

The chain of reasoning upon which I founded my argument is briefly as follows:—

1. Modern warfare demands greater intelligence and individual initiative in the private soldier than was needed in the past. Therefore we must endeavour to recruit from a higher class.
2. In order to get recruits from a higher class we must either have compulsory service, or we must make the pay and treatment of the soldier such as will attract the better class man.
3. The country is not yet ripe for compulsory service, though

opinion seems to be moving in that direction. Therefore it is only by competing with the labour market that we can hope to get the best men.

4. Since we have continually to send men to the other ends of the earth, and as their transport and maintenance cost large sums of money, it is false economy to send any but a highly trained and first-class man, even if you have to pay him more.

5. Therefore it is necessary, and also expedient, that we pay him more.

6. If we are to make a noticeable increase in the men's pay—two shillings a day clear would seem to me to be the minimum—then we must do with fewer men, unless our army estimates are to absorb an undue proportion of the revenue.

So far, I think, we are dealing with matters of fact, and not of opinion. But now we come upon the very controversial question as to how far quality can make up for quantity. By making the army a profession for life, not merely by better pay, but by more comfort and privacy in barracks, more intelligent drill, less polish and less pipeclay, you would cause a keen competition for entrance, and you would keep your man when you had him. The recruit would hunt for the sergeant, instead of the sergeant hunting for the recruit, and the dismissal of a worthless man would be a very real punishment. Every name on the roll would be a fighting man, ready for anything, and we should not be compelled when we went to war to leave a hundred thousand men behind because they were not fit to send out. Is it better policy or sounder business to keep up a smaller force, every man of whom is highly effective, or a larger one, nearly half of whom are useless in the hour of need? It is surely wiser and more honest to strike this bad debt off the ledger, instead of retaining figures which look imposing, but which we have tested and know to be worthless. By spending the money which is now wasted upon the inefficient in increasing the pay of the others, we could have an army which would be smaller upon paper, but larger and more formidable in the field.

Supposing that I have established my position so far, and that the reader is convinced that it would be better to have a smaller but better paid and more efficient army, there are certain consequences which we shall have to face. In my first discussion of this subject I named a hundred thousand as the figure, but I am inclined now to think that my critics are right, and that this

is too few. Let us suppose that there are a hundred and thirty thousand, including a powerful artillery, and at least thirty thousand mounted infantry or light cavalry armed with rifles, and trained to fight on foot. Surely such a force is ample for the ordinary needs of the Empire, and capable, without reinforcement, of bringing any ordinary war to a successful issue. By abolishing all second battalions, and having mere recruiting depôts for the territorial regiments, a large part of the reduction could be effected without entirely changing the present system.

But if the army proper consisted of only 130,000 men, it is obvious that the needs of India and of South Africa must absorb the great majority of these, and that Great Britain will be left denuded. Therefore any such change must be supplemented by some system of home defence which will make the heart of the Empire secure. Mr. Fortescue and others accuse me of having made no proper allowance for the garrisoning of the Empire. I had the problem always before my mind, but it is possible that I underrated the numbers required. With a marked improvement of quality, and an increase of mounted infantry, fewer men should suffice. But now with this enlarged estimate of 130,000 men, we could spare nearly as many as are on foreign service at present, so that objection is finally met. But how about the defence of the island?

There is no doubt that the actual landing of an invading force becomes year by year more possible. Steam has been all in favour of the attack and against the defence. No longer will the west wind, England's old ally, tie hostile squadrons to their moorings when her coast lies open. The element of uncertainty has disappeared, and the enemy only needs a clear waterway to come across. Both the French and the German merchant fleets have increased to an extent which would enable them to find transport at very short notice for a large army. The three chief continental powers have all voted large sums for their navies, and a coalition between the three—which is by no means outside the range of practical politics—might enable them to gain the command of the North Sea and of the Channel.

Again, any single power might catch us napping with some invention which might overwhelm our navy. The French have certainly been encouraged by their experiments with submarine vessels, since they have increased the number of them in their service. Air ships are also developing, against which a man-of-

war might prove to be powerless. In marine matters we have seldom been inventors, but have usually waited and adopted the inventions of others. Steamers, ironclads, propellers, torpedoes—all are of foreign origin. Some day we may be caught as the blockading squadron of wooden ships at Hampton Roads was caught when the home-made ironclad steamed out at them. It is not probable, but it is very possible. And therefore invasion is also very possible, and we should be prepared for it.

But while the chances of invasion seem to me to have increased with time, the possibility of successful invasion if we take reasonable precautions appears to have diminished to an extent which should make it a very desperate enterprise. The Boer War has shown how great are the advantages of the defence, and it is no answer to point out, as some of my opponents have done, that we beat the Boers in spite of them. We beat the Boers because we had a great preponderance of numbers, which enabled us to out-flank them, and a much better artillery. If we had been inferior in numbers to them we could never have conquered their country. We must therefore have such a number of armed and trained men in Britain that we shall be numerically far superior to any force which could be landed. Then, acting on the defensive, we could make it absolutely impossible for them to penetrate into the country. Had we a million men in arms, backed by good artillery, it is inconceivable that we should be in any danger. With such a force available, and a nucleus of Regulars with the Guards at home, we could devote our small army to the service of the Empire.

How are we then to get a million men at home? The militia, volunteers, and yeomanry can furnish four hundred thousand. The militia has had much hard work but little chance of distinction in South Africa, but the numerous volunteer companies and the large force of Yeomanry have shown that they can shake down rapidly into excellent soldiers. The general effect of the War has been to greatly increase our respect for and our confidence in the reserve forces. But it may be admitted that the men who went out were picked men and not fair samples of the force. Were all of the same value, then four hundred thousand should be an ample estimate for the protection of the island. But we cannot afford to run chances in such a matter, and therefore it would be wise to increase the total armed force at home to a round million, some proportion of which could go to swell the

ranks of the regular army when necessary. How then are we to get the extra six hundred thousand men?

Captain S. L. Murray has discussed the problem in an admirable pamphlet, 'The Electors of Great Britain, and the Defence of the Country.' Captain Murray's work only fell into my hands after I had written the final chapter in 'The Great Boer War,' which is the basis of this controversy, but I was much encouraged to find that in many essential points his conclusions were similar to mine. His proposal for home defence is to apply the militia ballot universally, and so pass the whole manhood of the country through the ranks for one year. Personally I think that the proposal is an admirable one, and that both the men and the country would be the better for it. But a government cannot act in advance of public opinion, and it would require strong pressure from without to induce any government to introduce so sweeping a measure as this. The present Government is strong enough, perhaps, if it had the courage, but, on the whole, I fear that it is not within the range of practical politics.

The alternative is to get the men voluntarily. I have no doubt that both the militia and the volunteers could, with a little care and expense, be further developed. A volunteer reserve, by which the trained man can be registered, and so made available in time of need, is a very necessary improvement. But there is one source of military strength in this country which has never been tapped at all, but which is quite capable, with a minimum of expense, of furnishing the men who will make up our million of defence. This lies in the very large class who are as patriotic as their neighbours, but who cannot, or will not, join a volunteer corps. They are the main body of the men of the country. Some live at a distance from any volunteer company. Some cannot fit in the hours of drill. Some have never had their attention called to the matter. These are the men who would willingly learn the use of the rifle, and who would be the reserves to the volunteers and the militia.

Few men find pleasure in drill. Most men find pleasure in rifle practice. Therefore it is far easier to find men for the latter than for the former, and I repeat that the lesson of this war has been that a brave man with a rifle which he can use is a soldier. On the one hand we have the State, which would be the stronger if it had these riflemen. On the other hand we have the men perfectly willing to serve if it be made possible for them.

All that is wanted now is a little organisation and encouragement, and the thing will be done. Military critics may sneer at 'hedge-row defence,' as once they sneered at volunteers, but is there any reasonable man who will not agree that Great Britain would be stronger if she had six hundred thousand more riflemen within her borders; and is there any who will doubt that the people would acquire more dignity and self-respect when they felt that they also were sharing in the duty of the defence of the country?

It has been urged that such a movement would hurt the volunteers. That I cannot believe. It would act the other way, for when a rifleman had acquired some taste for military things, his instinct would be to join the volunteers or militia, or even, when his standard was very high, the army.

The first thing for raising such a force is to have targets in every parish, and to provide the men with two or three rifles with which they can take turns to practise. The funds could be met by local subscription.<sup>1</sup> If the men give their time the rich should give their money, since it is for the common good. Where proper targets cannot be obtained a Morris-tube range can always be fitted up. When the men are proficient at targets let them be practised at dummy heads out of trenches at unknown ranges. Finally, let them pass a Government standard, and be presented with a rifle and a bandolier in reward for their patriotic exertions. In this way you will rapidly form large numbers of local commandoes who will know little of drill and have no uniform save a soft-brimmed hat, but who will be good shots and formidable from their spirit and their numbers. In that direction Britain has a huge reservoir of military strength.

It is said sometimes that we distract attention from the fleet by developing the land forces, but surely the argument is exactly the opposite. If the land can take care of itself then the fleet is free to act, but it will always be at a disadvantage so long as it is bound to protect our own shores. It is also urged that if the enemy had command of the sea they could starve us out, and no system of land defence would be of any avail. I do not think that this argument is sound. To blockade the ports of Great Britain many hundreds of ships would be necessary, and the operation would be a gigantic one. Prices would rise very much,

<sup>1</sup> Where the land is given the thing can be done for thirty pounds—*crede experto*.

of course, and great hardship would result, but these high prices would attract food from all over the world, and no blockade could keep it out. I am told that the actual food in the island itself at any one time is sufficient to keep the population for six months.

To sum up, then, I hold that we can get the greatest value from our military forces by paying more for a higher article. The old system, it must be confessed, supplied at times the very highest. No payment could attract better troops than some of those in South Africa. But these were the fine flower, and the large residue were left at home. If we pay more we must have fewer, but we can make up for that by extending the voluntary system at home. That is the general thesis which I have endeavoured to defend.

With Mr. Fortescue's chief objection I have already dealt. It is that I have not made sufficient provision for foreign garrisons. The hundred thousand, which I chose as a symmetrical number for the purpose of argument, need not be closely adhered to. If thirty thousand more are needed for the garrisons it does not seriously affect the principle for which I am contending. Of course when he takes for granted that because the present garrison of India is 70,000 it must still be 70,000 however much the quality or mobility of the soldier be improved, he is disregarding my whole argument. I do not, as he says, practically presuppose the existence of another 100,000 men. These difficulties are all of his imagination. For garrison duty and for small wars the regular army, as I have sketched it out, would, I believe, be ample. When serious trouble came they would be strongly reinforced from the militia and volunteers, just as the regular American army, which is a small body, could be raised to millions. It is a waste of money to pay for a larger force than you need, if you can devise a means of increasing it on the few occasions when it needs increase.

Turning from this general scheme Mr. Fortescue then criticises my view that the cavalry of the future will be what we now call mounted infantry—my reason being that I look upon the magazine rifle as the master weapon. It is said frequently that the lesson of this campaign will not apply to other campaigns. But when the fighting was among the hills of Natal we said that cavalry would have a better chance on the plains of the Orange Free State. And yet on those plains it was found that the rule still held good, and that the irregular burghers—the men of all



others who should theoretically have been the victims of the cavalry—were able with their rifles to hold their own. It was not the fault of our horsemen, who were very keen and gallant, but it lay deep in the altered conditions of war. I by no means agree with Mr. Fortescue when he says that a mounted infantry man upon his horse is practically an unarmed man. A body of them riding among a crowd of fugitives and firing right and left could do as much execution as any lancers—and, personally, since Mr. Fortescue presents the unpleasant alternative, I had rather be pursued by the lancer than by the rifleman. The one I might possibly knock off his horse, but I should be powerless against the other unless I had myself a rifle.

Mr. Fortescue has several other criticisms to make upon points of detail. I agree with him that the pay of officers would be raised, but on the other hand there would be fewer of them with a smaller regular army. He ends by his old text that 'these things are much better left to the professionals.' The whole lesson of the war is that we cannot have too open a discussion of them, and that there is no reason at all why they should be left to the professionals. We left the infantry shooting to professionals, and they served out two hundred cartridges a year. We left the choice of guns to professionals. They rejected the 'pom-pom' and they gave us field pieces with half the range of those of our opponents. A civilian should certainly express his opinion temperately, and be prepared to give his reasons, and to listen with respect to all objections, but surely the time for this argument of 'leave it to the professionals' is over.

Colonel Maude's paper consists largely of the same plea. His chief attack upon me is based upon the idea that my proposals are subversive of discipline. Far from this being the case I should hope to find in the highly paid professional the most perfect discipline and *esprit-de-corps* that the world has ever seen. In the days when soldiers were largely drawn from the uneducated classes, discipline and cohesion depended largely upon drill. It became, in fact, mechanical. The higher discipline, however, may prove to proceed from the reason and from the self-respect of the individual men, rather than from the exercises of the parade ground. Those very American soldiers, whose deeds Colonel Maude quotes with approval, would appear undisciplined and almost mutinous if judged by our standards. The saluting of officers, the simultaneous wheeling of a line of men, or the firing

of a volley which sounds like a single shot are not the essentials of soldiering. The essentials are the spirit of the men, the pride they take in their regiment, their devotion to their country, and the self-respect which forbids them to yield. These things make for cohesion and discipline, and they are in accordance with the spirit of our race. The Canadian regiment of infantry, for example, was formed from militiamen drawn from many parts of Canada, and could hardly be expected to excel in drill. Yet their discipline (founded upon self-respect) was so high that the whole regiment was deeply disturbed by the fact that one of their number had been accused of looting a fowl. I heard them speak of the trifle with more distress than they showed when discussing their losses at Paardeburg. Colonel Maude is mistaken if he thinks that I underrate the power of discipline, but I believe that it is not necessarily so closely connected with drill as he imagines.

Colonel Maude states incidentally what he himself considers to have been the lessons of the war, and I confess that my heart sank as I read them. The first is that good shooting is not a matter of much importance. 'I should have thought,' he writes, 'that nothing could more effectively have demolished the theory of the crack-shot school than our recent experience.' The second is that troops should not be encouraged to seek cover. 'I hold that we have devoted too much attention to individual cover for many years past.' The third is that after a sufficient artillery preparation the enemy's fire becomes unaimed, and your attack may then be made as safely in column as any other way. Under those circumstances he says that 'no arrangement of men in lines, groups, or columns can have any effect on the individual's chances of being hit.' Are these then the three lessons which we have gained from a year of warfare! I wonder how many South African officers would endorse them.

Colonel Maude regards Paardeburg as the blot upon the campaign, not because the attack was made, but because it was not pushed home, even if it cost us five hundred killed. Five hundred killed would with rifle fire mean over three thousand casualties, and what should we have gained which we did not get by a little patience? Colonel Maude says that it would have saved five thousand men who died of enteric. But this is a very wild statement. The Paardeburg cases came to Bloemfontein, and the total number of deaths altogether in that town was well under two thousand. Of these the greater number were in May, and

could have had no connection with Paardeburg. The wells in Bloemfontein have always been polluted, and the cutting off of the water supply had probably far more to do with the epidemic than the delay at Paardeburg.

Colonel Maude complains that the British attack was checked by a loss of 3 per cent. in their numbers. Here also his figures will not bear examination. There were, so far as I know, only four brigades under fire [in the attack on Paardeburg. They were Macdonald's, Knox's, Stephenson's and Smith-Dorrien's. Twelve thousand men would be a fair estimate of their numbers. More than 1,200 were hit, so that the proportion works out at not less than 10 per cent.—which is very different from Colonel Maude's statement. That 'no power on earth could induce the men to move forward' from behind the ant-hills is, I believe, equally erroneous. The casualty list is in itself sufficient to disprove it. Men who lie tight behind ant-hills do not lose 10 per cent. of their number.

All this has little to do with my original thesis, but I am following Colonel Maude in his attempt to illustrate the three lessons which he has drawn from the war. He then discourages the suggestion that a *corps d'élite* of mounted infantry could be formed. 'You cannot select men in peace for employment in war.' I should have thought that the formation of Guard regiments and other special corps in every army would tend to show that it is not so difficult. A better class of man with better pay will on the average give a better soldier. In Colonel Maude's desire that the general conditions of life of the working classes should be improved, we are of course all of one mind. These things depend, however, upon deep-lying economic causes which are not readily altered.

There is only one sentence of Colonel Maude's article to which I take serious exception. He says, 'I protest against the tone which Dr. Conan Doyle and most other correspondents adopt when speaking of our officers.' The 'other' is superfluous, as I was not a correspondent, but I should like to know which passage of my book it is to which Colonel Maude refers. Is it this: 'The slogging valour of the private, the careless dash of the regimental officer—these were our military assets'? Or is it 'The British colonels have led their men up to and through the gates of death'? Perhaps it is 'a braver man than the British officer, or one with a more indomitable and sporting spirit, is not to be found.' This is

my tone about the British officer against which Colonel Maude protests, and he quaintly enough ends his protest by the assertion, which I believe to be a great exaggeration, that one-third of them are not what they should be. I can assure Colonel Maude that the honour of the British officer is as dear to me as it can be to him. Many of my ancestors have lived and died in the service. My only brother belongs to it. Affection and esteem for a body of men does not necessarily exclude all criticism, but it at least forbids the adoption of a tone to which any reasonable man could take exception.

A. CONAN DOYLE.

## *HOW I ACTED THE MISSIONARY AND WHAT CAME OF IT.<sup>1</sup>*

ONE beautiful summer night in the fifties I was one of a group of boys huddled close together on a bed looking out through a window upon a divine scene, and engaged in debating upon the professions we should adopt when we should be grown up. It was the time of the Crimean war, and this influenced old and young. One boy said he was sure to be a soldier, as he wanted to fight the Russians; another thought he would prefer to be an admiral; while a third, fascinated doubtless by lawn sleeves, proclaimed his intention to be a bishop.

When it came to my turn I declared I would rather be a missionary—after the example of some fine brave fellow of whom I had read and whose name I have forgotten. I dare say that, as boys generally do, I may have had as many intentions as I had moods; but the memory of that summer's night has ever clung to my mind, though I must say that I am not conscious that it has exercised any influence on me.

In casting a glance at the four decades of years and more that have rolled by me since, I see that, without being specially appointed to make proselytes, I acted the missionary some twenty-four years ago, not realising at the time that I was fulfilling the resolve of my boyish days.

While circumnavigating the Victoria Nyanza in 1875, I came to a country called Uganda. Its nearest border to the Indian Ocean is about one thousand miles, and its western frontier is close upon eighteen hundred miles from the Atlantic. To reach Uganda by the route I took, one has to pass through twenty different tribes, all of whom resemble one another in their unalloyed barbarism, though dissimilar in other respects. Therefore, when approaching the country, we expected to see only a negro people as semi-nude and savage as those we had already passed.

But when we were yet many miles from Uganda our little boat was met by a flotilla of war canoes of somewhat classic

<sup>1</sup> Copyright in the United States and Canada by Perry, Mason and Co., 1900.

design, exceedingly well built, and manned by crews who in demeanour and dress showed that they were very superior to any people we had seen since leaving the sea. When we were near enough to talk, I learned that they had come in search of me because the king's mother had dreamed two nights before that she had seen on the lake a strange vessel which had white wings like a bird, and that there was a white man on board remarkable for his large eyes and long black hair. The king, on hearing of the vision, had despatched the commander in search of the strange white man, and to invite him to his court.

After some excusable hesitation we consented to accompany the commander, and to go and see this king. We had been surprised not only at the message, the vision of the king's mother, and the faith which the king had given to the dream, but at Magassa's mastery of the Zanzibar language, his rich clothes, and the snowy whiteness of his under-garments, and the good breeding and discipline which distinguished both commander and crews. Within a few hours our eyes were opened still further, especially at the large hospitality we received—for the very best in the land was spread before us in bountiful profusion, gratuitously and without asking.

On the second morning after meeting the commander, Magassa, our flotilla entered a deep bay, and by the way order was preserved we knew we must be approaching the king's camp. Our vessels moved in strict line, and the strokes of the paddles kept time regularly to the beat of the big drum situated 'midship in Magassa's canoe.

When near enough to the land to distinguish a man from a bush, the musketeers stood up and blazed away by volleys to signal the success of the king's messenger. Through a glass I observed on the shore a large multitude of people awaiting us, and by the movements made I surmised that our arrival was regarded as of some importance.

When I landed, my surprise at what I saw of Uganda and its people was complete, and greater perhaps than at any later period. The multitude had been ranged in two long lines, and as the scarlet-cloaked chief advanced towards me escorted by his standard-bearers and guards, some hundreds of muskets fired repeated volleys and the scores of flags and gaudy bannerets were rapidly waved aloft. I was also impressed by the amount of scarlet, gold and white that was visible in the quick glance I cast

over officers and people, for such things had never before been seen by me in my African travels, and therefore were entirely unexpected, nor had my only predecessor in this part of the continent described any scene similar to this.

Having gone through the ceremony of welcome in an ever wondering state of mind at the friendliness of the people and the unusual display of colour, feeling, and etiquette, we formed ourselves into a long procession, while the sound of many drums, the firing of musketry, and the braying of trumpets gave *éclat* to the scene. We halted after a while before a newly made hut with a spacious court attached to it, which was to be my residence, I was told. Not many minutes afterwards a herd of bullocks was driven into the court, and a veritable mound of bananas, besides native wine, fowls, eggs, &c., were piled up near my doorway as our provisions.

According to African etiquette some little time is allowed the stranger to refresh and rest himself before being summoned to the presence of the king. Until a little after noon we were therefore left with only a few visitors, who were fortunately very communicative. From them I learned that this town of nice huts was not the capital, but a mere hunting camp; yet such was the neatness of the houses, the regularity of the streets and lanes, and the admirable discipline everywhere, that it was infinitely superior to any Central African town within my knowledge.

When a page finally came to say the king was waiting for me, I set out, escorted by as large an assemblage of all ranks as that which had received me at the landing place. We marched up one of the broadest streets and presently came in front of a lofty dome-shaped hut which had only been built a few days before in the wilderness, and in its wide doorway stood the tall, slim figure of Mtesa, the king and despot of Uganda.

My first impressions of Mtesa were of course modified after a longer acquaintance, but I was always favourably inclined towards him, despite all his faults. For, after all, there was no one in all Pagan Africa like him; and when I remembered that all around him, a thousand miles on one side, and about two thousand miles on the other, was the blackest savagery, and that he was isolated from all civilising influences, I speedily forgot anything that made him appear less in my eyes than I at first supposed. During my first acquaintance with him, however, the inclination of my open mind was to absorb impressions without cavil or criticism.



The royal reception was purely ceremonious. The time spent in it was, though brief, quite sufficient for us to take each other's measure. The king's prominent eyes searched me over while he cordially addressed me, and the courtiers frankly scrutinised and freely made their whispered comments on me one to the other. Then we adjourned.

The second reception was held some hours later, in the open air near the lake, and was of a much more sociable character. The king's wives and female household were present, and the smiles of the dusky beauties no doubt contributed to lighten the atmosphere. They affected to be disappointed that there was no white woman in my company, but their disappointment did not last long. They appeared to find in me endless matter of pleasant talk, and, if my instincts may be trusted, to fancy themselves of as much interest to me as I seemed to be to them.

Meantime the king had prepared an entertainment for me. An obsequious page advanced and received the order, and in obedience to it there darted forth into view a most imposing fleet of war canoes, whose beautiful lines, new brown colouring, and orderly manœuvres of naval war as conducted in Africa strongly confirmed me in the belief that these Waganda were a most extraordinary people, and worthy of European sympathy.

After the manœuvres the admiral of the fleet was ordered to search for a hippopotamus or crocodile in the neighbourhood. Before very long a baby crocodile was found asleep on a flat-faced rock not far from the shore. Then Mtesa announced to me that his women were curious to see my excellence in marksmanship, and urged me to show it to them.

Despite my many demurs and the fact that I had only a heavy elephant rifle by me, I was induced to try, and to my astonishment it was a centre shot. It would be difficult to overrate its effect on all the spectators. Mtesa was boisterously happy, because it justified his assurance that the white men never failed. The women shrieked with delight at the roar of the gun and the instant destruction of the dangerous saurian, while the officers vastly admired the accuracy of aim. Whether or no this accidental success contributed to it I know not, but I enjoyed increased favour from that time, and every morning and evening I was engaged with Mtesa in most intimate and friendly talk.

I suppose that my first idea of utilising the favour with which I was regarded, for Mtesa's mental and spiritual improvement,

sprang from my warm friendship for him and a feeling of pity that no chance was afforded to him of developing himself. At the outset I was sensible only of regret that Livingstone was no longer alive to take advantage of the magnificent field that was now open to one of his peculiar abilities and personal charm, and, pursuing the train of thought, I felt at a loss to know to whom else I could apply to fill his place.

At that time there was no traveller in Africa, from the Nile to the Zambezi, on whose sympathy one could rely in a case like this. Gordon had a big and special task of his own, and it never struck me that any of his staff, who were either military or political officers, would give Mtesa any sympathetic attention.

So day after day passed with Mtesa and myself in chat upon trivial and secular topics, until one day in full court the subject of the white man's faith was broached. As I expounded I observed such fixed attention on the part of the king and courtiers that I had not noticed before. The rule had been understood by all, that talk should be brief and various, but now it became animated and continuous. Gestures, exclamations, and answers followed one another rapidly, while every face was lit up by intense interest. When we finally adjourned the subject was not exhausted, greater cordiality was in the hand-shakes at parting, and it was urged that we should continue the discussion on the next day.

And so we did for several days. It seemed the comparisons of Mohammed with Jesus Christ were infinitely more fascinating than the most lively descriptions of Europe, with its wonders and customs, that I had been able to give, and truly the accusation of Christ, His judgment by Pilate, and the last scene on Calvary, were the means of rousing such emotions that I saw my powers of discerning character had been extremely immature and defective.

This revelation of feeling which had lain so long untouched under etiquette, tradition, custom, pagan ignorance and apathy, stimulated me to persevere in my efforts in the hope of some unknown but cheering outcome. Some one on behalf of the king made the happy suggestion that, as I proposed to return to the south end of the Nyanza to bring my people up, it would be well if I left behind me some souvenir of my visit that would keep alive their attachment to my words in my absence.

The idea was good, and in searching for means to this end we

discovered that in Idi, the king's chief drummer, who was an educated Malagasy native and an expert in Arabic calligraphy, we had the man who could write out the law of Moses and the Lord's Prayer. We also found that Robert, one of my boat boys, could translate my English description of the last scene at Calvary into grammatical Swahili. The 'books' on which my sayings were written were thin and polished boards of white wood, about sixteen by twelve inches.

We were deep in the Decalogue when an unexpected white visitor made his appearance in Uganda, as suddenly almost as I had made mine. This was no other than Colonel Linant de Bellefonds, one of Gordon's staff, who had come on a political mission.

Soon after the novelty of his arrival had somewhat worn away, and the resumption of the Decalogue was mooted, it struck Mtesa that it would be a prudent thing to question this other white man from the north regarding the things I had said about Jesus and Mohammed and the respective faiths, for there were some amongst his chiefs who had gone among the Arab traders, and been made uneasy in their minds by their arguments in behalf of Mohammedanism. It was proposed in open court, and the chiefs assented.

Fortunately for the confirmation of my statements, the Colonel, though a Frenchman, happened to be a staunch Calvinist, and, to the surprise of all present, the Colonel gave answers which established my words beyond a doubt. We then resumed the writing of the Decalogue, and in a short time it was finished.

Mtesa was now told to his dismay that the period of my departure had arrived. I had already passed a longer time in his company than was prudent, seeing that I had such a large number of men depending upon me at the other end of the Nyanza. He began to devise various expedients for my delay, and had it not been for the presence of Colonel Linant, it might not have been an easy matter to leave him. He at last, after a firm refusal from me to remain longer, cried out, in a voice that had a tone of despair in it: 'What is the use then of your coming to Uganda to disturb our minds if, as soon as we are convinced that what you have said has right and reason in it, you go away before we are fully instructed?'

'Mtesa is under a misunderstanding,' I answered. 'I am not an instructor in religion. I am simply a Kirangozi (a pioneer) to

civilisation. When Mtesa goes to Usoga or to Ankori to make war, he first sends guides and pioneers to point out and clear the way for his army. That is what I am. When I go back to Europe I must tell the white people the way that they should take to Uganda. Then those who may think they would like to do business with your people, or those who would wish to teach them the Christian faith, will come here by the way I have shown. If Mtesa really wishes that lawful instructors should come to Uganda, he has but to say so and I shall write to the people of England to that effect, and I am sure they will send the proper men for that purpose. As for me—as I have said—I have no authority or right to teach religion any more than Tori, your drummer, has the right to conduct your state business, or Idi, your writer, the right or authority to lead your soldiers to the war. The rule with us is, "Let every man follow his own vocation."

'Then write "Stamlee" (the native pronunciation of my name) and say to the white people that I am like a child sitting in darkness, and cannot see until I am taught the right way.'

I gladly consented, and on April 14, 1875, I made two copies of an appeal for missionaries to be sent to Uganda, one of which I enclosed under cover to General Gordon, and delivered it to Colonel Linant; the other I intended to take myself and send it by my own couriers overland to Zanzibar. Three days later I resumed my voyage.

Four months passed away and I was again in Uganda, to continue, as circumstances permitted, the interesting task I had left unfinished. During the three months I remained with Mtesa, the translations which we made from the Gospels were very copious, and the principal events from the Creation to the Crucifixion were also fairly written out, forming quite a bulky library of boards. When the work was finished it was solemnly announced in full court that for the future Uganda would be Christian and not Mohammedan.

A mission-boy named Dallington left my service to become the king's reader, and a Bible and Prayer Book were given to him for the purpose of keeping Mtesa in the true faith; and having provided according to the best of my ability for the spiritual comfort of my royal convert, I left Uganda for the last time to continue my journey across Africa.

It remains to relate the fate of my appeal for missionaries and its results on reaching England. Colonel Linant de Bellefonds

was murdered by the Baris not far from Gordon Pasha's quarters. The letter, however, safely reached the Governor-General's hands, and he sent it on to Cairo by Government post. On November 5, 1875, it was published simultaneously in the London 'Daily Telegraph' and 'New York Herald.'

Before the evening of that date 5,000*l.* had been sent by an anonymous contributor to the Church Missionary Society for the Mission to Uganda. Three days later my letter was read to a crowded audience in Exeter Hall, and subscriptions to the amount of 3,000*l.* were announced. Within a few weeks the Uganda fund had increased to 24,000*l.* Just twelve months from the day I had written my letter at the court of Mtesa, a band of five missionaries started from England for Uganda, but twelve months more elapsed before the long-expected clergymen reached their destination.

As those who have thus far followed my narrative may be curious to know the results of the missionary venture, I may state briefly that, according to the latest statistics furnished to the Society, there have been built by Uganda labour, one cathedral and 372 churches, which are attended by 97,575 converts.

Several of the cleverest boys, during the twenty-two years that have passed away since the missionaries began to teach them, have grown up to be men and have been ordained as missionaries. Some of these have penetrated to Toro, the slopes of Rewenzori, and the fringe of the great Aruwimi forest, founding Christian communities as they went, and proving themselves possessed of the most fervid zeal. Two out of the three Regents who represent the new king during his minority were educated by the missionaries. Further, to make this peaceful conquest of Pagan Africa sure, a railway, the head of which is at present over 300 miles from the sea, is being constructed to Uganda at a cost of 3,000,000*l.*

HENRY M. STANLEY.

*A TRAGEDY FROM THE TRIVIAL.<sup>1</sup>*

THE great double doors of H. F. Crosby's Dry Goods Emporium faced south, and the wind was that way. The ribbon counter, where Charlotte May stood, was directly in front of the door, and all the gay ribbons hanging overhead from a wire and those suspended from their rolls on the edge of the case swung and waved, and wove together in the gusts of the wind. Those overhead were mostly in shades of orange, those on the case in blues. Between those dancing streamers of colour Charlotte's face—triangularly shaped, almost like a cat's, with a mild fullness about the temples and innocently speculative blue eyes—appeared. Her hair was very fair, almost white, and she wore it in a quaint extreme of fashion which often caused people to turn and look after her. Her blue gingham short waist fitted her nicely, and her blue ribbon tie was wound tightly around her throat, and fastened with a cheap brooch with a stone of turquoise blue china. Charlotte's friend, Maud Lockwood, who stood beside her at the ribbon counter, had told her many a time that no one could tell it from the real thing, and Maud Lockwood was regarded as an authority and was much admired.

It is quite true that there are spheres which would make us all stars could we but find them for our revolutions, and Maud Lockwood had found hers. She was a handsome girl, with such a subtle consciousness of her fine trimly girded figure that she seemed to fairly thrust it upon one's attention. It was also well known that she was not obliged to work in a store, being led to such a step only by the desire of certain extras in the way of dress somewhat beyond the reach of her father's purse. It is only choice, not necessity, which dignifies labour in the estimation of many who have always laboured from necessity, and their fathers before them. A girl like Charlotte May, who had to work or starve, looked with envious respect at a girl like Maud Lockwood, who had to work or give up her frills. Maud wore a real turquoise brooch, and the girl beside her often looked at it with a sentiment of complacency and no envy. She could not

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by Mary E. Wilkins.

see that it was any prettier than her own, and she was not one to be disturbed by any pretence, if it were clever.

The third girl, or rather woman, at the ribbon counter looked with gravity and ill-concealed contempt upon both of them—the wearer of the real turquoise and the wearer of the sham. She would have worn neither. Neither the real nor the false ornamental superfluities of life had any place in her conception of its structure. She would have dispensed with all perianths and gargoyles in her architecture, and left but the pillars and brackets of support. In her opinion only use redeemed the existence of ornament. If she wore a brooch it was to fasten something, otherwise she left it in its little box in her bureau drawer. She had a plain gold one which had belonged to her mother.

This woman, Eliza Green, had been employed in Crosby's for years, and was trusted. She went now and then to New York to purchase ribbons, and her judgment as to quality and value was good, although her own taste was scarcely showy enough to suit the folk of this cheap, provincial, manufacturing city. She bought ribbons, as she looked upon the jewellery of her mates at the counter, with keen recognition of the taste of others, and contempt for it. She would under no circumstances have worn any of the ribbons which she purchased.

Eliza Green was supposed to be quite well to do, having doubtless saved from her salary, which had been increased from time to time, and having her own house free from encumbrance. Eliza had inherited a comfortable square house, half of which she rented out and lived herself in the other half. The house was some three miles from the city, in a farming district. Next door lived John Woodsum, who presently came into Crosby's, after hitching his horse before the store.

It was hot that afternoon. The concrete sidewalks yielded and sprang underfoot like sponge. The drug-store clerks wore white linen coats, and the waiting lines at the soda fountains were long.

John Woodsum had no work that day. The factory in which he was employed was running low, the midsummer heat seeming to affect the current of trade like that of a brook. He was going to marry Charlotte May, though few knew it. He had himself requested Charlotte not to speak of it.

'Not that I'm doing anything I'm ashamed of, nor you either,' he said, 'but I don't want folks talking about my affairs more



than I can help. There's three times a man has to be talked about, whether or no—when he's born, when he's married, and when he dies. I mean to get rid of all the others that I am able.'

So John Woodsum had taken the girl to drive, and escorted her home from meeting, and, as she had many other admirers, nobody was sure. Indeed, the general opinion was that she would not marry John Woodsum. Eliza Green dismissed the matter with a single reflection when Maud Lockwood told her that John Woodsum had taken Charlotte to drive the Saturday before.

'She has not enough sense,' she thought.

Then she matched some ribbon for a customer, and thought no more about it. But when the young man stood in the store door that afternoon she felt a little surprise. She glanced quickly at Charlotte and saw that her delicate face was a deep pink. John himself advanced upon the counter with no embarrassment or change of colour, presenting that singular anomaly of utter rusticity with neither confusion nor shame-facedness. He wore his best clothes, but rose superior to even their clumsy stiffness. His face, large and somewhat heavy, had a certain dignity of expression which made up for the want of alertness. People were wont to say that John Woodsum wasn't so quick as some, but it would take a mighty smart man to get round him. Even his new hat, much too large for him, which he did not remove when he approached the counter, did not detract from his air of self-establishment.

Eliza Green, who was rolling up some yards of blue ribbon, said, 'How do you do, John?' and went on with her work. Maud Lockwood said, 'Good afternoon, Mr. Woodsum,' in her sweet, artificially modulated voice, with a nod and smile which she saw as plainly as in a looking-glass.

Charlotte said nothing. She turned red, then pale, and half shrank away as John approached.

'Are you ready?' John inquired, in a deep voice, with no hesitation whatever; and Charlotte gazed at him hesitatingly for a second, her lips trembling, and her cheeks quite pale between her loops of flaxen hair.

'Are you ready?' the young man asked again, this time with a note of surprise. Then Charlotte replied, 'Yes,' hurriedly, and took her hat—a white, broad-brimmed one with perky bows of pale blue, turned up at the back with a profusion of cheap pink

flowers—from under the counter, put it on with trembling hands, and slipped past her mates.

‘What’s Mr. Crosby going to say, dear, if you run away half an hour before it’s time to close?’ inquired Maud Lockwood. ‘I saw him just now looking over here; and he didn’t look any too sweet: I can tell you that.’

‘Mr. Crosby knows, and he’ll say nothing,’ John Woodsum returned shortly. Then he and Charlotte went out, she walking rather weakly and carrying her head bent, with never a backward glance, and he assisted her into his open buggy before the store.

Maud Lockwood turned to Eliza Green, with a brilliant flash of eyes and teeth.

‘Know what that means?’ said she.

Eliza Green shook her head.

‘They’re going to be married.’

Eliza Green did not change colour, but there was a swift contraction of the muscles around her mouth, and her eyes narrowed as before too much light.

‘What makes you think so?’ she asked, in her quiet, sustained voice. She rolled up some orange ribbon as she spoke, and not getting it quite straight unwound it, and re-rolled it carefully.

‘Didn’t you see she had on her new white dress and her best hat?’

Eliza nodded. She had noticed the flying white frills, and the pink flowers, as Charlotte went out of the store.

‘Well, John Woodsum had on his Sunday clothes, and they had arranged it with Crosby, and two and two make four. They’ve gone to get married. It’s just the way a stick like John Woodsum would set about getting married—no wedding and no anything. Charlotte has never had an engagement ring. I shouldn’t wonder if he didn’t give her a wedding one. Settling down with a man like that, to cook and to mend—a pretty girl like her!’

‘Maybe she hasn’t.’

‘Oh, yes, she has. Didn’t you see her face when he came in? A girl don’t look like that unless she’s going to get married, or buried, or do something out of the common. Here’s Crosby. Ask him.’

Mr. H. F. Crosby, who just then came sauntering up, passing some customers with a suave hitch of his shoulders and an impatient wrinkle of his forehead, was unmarried, and people

credited him with an admiration for Maud Lockwood. She put her hand to her hair and pulled her shirt waist straight as he drew near.

'Mr. Crosby,' she called, with confidential softness. Eliza Green went on rolling ribbons.

'Well?' returned Crosby, and the frown deepened. His hair was of a deep shade of red, and his eyes were like blue sparks. He was considered handsome, except for his hair.

'You needn't look so cross,' said Maud Lockwood, with a pout, carefully lowering her voice, that its familiarity should not be noticed. 'What has Charlotte May gone off half an hour before shutting up for? If you are getting partial I want to give notice.'

Maud laughed and her employer seemed to quail before her. There was a steady impetus about this girl which intimidated his nervous, irascible temperament, whose irascibility had no firm roots. Sometimes H. F. Crosby felt that Maud Lockwood could marry him if she chose, and he felt afraid of her. He tried to laugh, but with poor success, and his lips were pale.

'They've gone to call on the minister, I guess,' said he.

Maud laughed triumphantly.

'There, you can't cheat me,' she cried to Eliza, who was interweaving the ribbons hanging from the line overhead as imperceptibly as a fate. 'How long have you known it?' she asked Crosby.

'Last night,' he replied shortly, and turned away as some one spoke to him. 'First aisle to the left, madam,' he said to the inquiring woman, and was gone.

Maud laughed again with shrewd malice. 'He's hit. I suspected it,' she said.

Eliza looked at her with the faintest shade of inquiring interest.

'Oh, you never see things. He's hung around this counter to see Charlotte, day in and out. Folks thought it was me, but it wasn't. However, I didn't want it to be me. I wouldn't marry a man like Crosby and put up with his tantrums. He'd have to get over 'em grand lively. But, on the whole, I'd just as soon take somebody that didn't need to be made over. Made-over things never fit so well,' said she, with an approving laugh at her own wit.

Not another customer approached the ribbon counter that afternoon. When it was time to close Eliza Green went home with her little lunch bag. She always carried her lunch, for

motives of economy. She walked, although the electric cars ran near her house, for the same reason.

When she came within sight of John Woodsum's house, which was just before her own, she saw a white flutter at the door, and knew that the bridal couple had got home. Eliza heard Charlotte's little soft giggle, as she turned in at her own gate. She had no sooner entered her own room than the woman who lived in the other side entered hastily, the scent of tea and baking biscuit following her, and a child calling her back shrilly.

'Do you know what has happened?' she whispered, as slyly as if John and his bride were within earshot.

'Yes,' replied Eliza, taking off her hat carefully and folding her veil.

'Got married, without no weddin' nor a word to nobody! Drove over to the minister's in his own team, and brought her trunk under the seat. Land! I never had much to do with, but I got married in better shape than that. Had she said anything about it to you?'

'No, not a word,' replied Eliza.

The woman looked at her sharply.

'I didn't know but she had, as long as she worked at the same counter.'

'She didn't,' Eliza said. 'If you can let me have a little hot water I guess I won't make up a fire to-night, it's so warm.'

'You can have it jest as well as not. I see she's got a handsome white dress on, and a hat with pink flowers. Had she worn 'em before?'

'Yes, I guess she had.'

'I wonder if she's got a new silk dress.'

'I don't know,' replied Eliza, getting a pitcher out of her pantry.

'I don't believe she had,' said the woman. 'It would be just like John Woodsum not to want her to, even if she bought it with her own money. He's awful tight-fisted.'

'She didn't have much to spend on silk dresses,' said Eliza; 'not much beside her board and washing.'

There was a scream from the woman's child on the other side, and she ran, Eliza following with her pitcher.

Every night when Eliza came home from the store the woman gave her a bulletin of the happenings next door. She had seen the bride at work in an old calico which had belonged to John's

mother, much too large for her, folded over, and pinned up. She knew John would not let her wear her store dresses at work. The bride had done the washing, and there were disgusted pointings at the drabbed garments hanging on the line. Eliza thought with incapable reachings of imagination of Charlotte at the wash-tub, rubbing away at her husband's heavy under-garments with those slender little hands of hers. Charlotte's hands were the tiniest things: long-fingered and blue-veined.

'John Woodsum ought to hire a washerwoman,' said the other, and Eliza acquiesced, though calmly. She did not call on the bride, but when she caught a glimpse of her in the yard she saw that she was greatly changed. Once, too, she came into the store to buy some needles and thread and gingham, and Maud Lockwood remarked upon it.

'Such a pretty girl as she was,' she said after she was gone. 'It seems to me sometimes as if matrimony was nothing but tomb for good looks. Sometimes I think I'll never get married.'

However, Charlotte had not lost her prettiness; it was simply veiled and hidden beneath unwontedness and awkward plainness of attire. Her face was too delicately sharp and her forehead too high for her to wear her hair strained tightly back into a hard knot, yet that was the way she had arranged it since her marriage.

'I don't like your hair falling over your ears in that way,' John had said; 'put it straight back and show your forehead.' And she had obeyed.

Charlotte also, when she was bidden, discarded all her little tricks of style and fashion, which, regarded from her husband's practical point of view, were void of sense. There were no more wide collars of crumpled ribbons; no jaunty puffings of blouses, no garniture of cheap flowers, and, above all, no cheap jewellery—no jewellery of any kind except her wedding ring. John had given her a wedding ring, though it was not the ostentatiously heavy article which her crude fancy had pictured. Charlotte had her girlhood fripperies packed away in her bureau drawers, and sometimes she looked at them, not so much with regret as with anxious bewilderment. She was not unhappy, being as fond of her husband as a spaniel, but was more or less anxious and bewildered, having developed within herself since marriage a painful willingness of obedience without entire capacity. Charlotte, having lost her parents when young, had never been under the active necessity

of obedience to anything, except Providence, and it is very easy to confuse Providence with one's own wishes, especially in trivialities. It was easy enough for her to strain her hair back from her blue-veined temples; she could leave off her ribbons and brooches, but in housewifely matters lack of training made her wilful against her will.

It was a woefully kept house unless John Woodsum rose at dawn, and toiled until midnight after his daily work was done. And the waste, to one of his frugal turn, amounted to actual crime. Charlotte seemed absolutely incapable of learning the lesson of household thrift. She was devoid of domestic instincts. There was no guile in her and a great tenacity of affection; but she was simply organised, and her feet went swiftly only in the ways in which they had been set. Her duties had been, as it were, single-threaded. The measuring and selling of ribbon, and furbishing up of her own pretty person, had no relation to the financial diplomacy required in the simplest housekeeping to advantage. Her pleasures had been firemen's balls, and park entertainments, and electric car excursions, with vacations at a cheap shore resort. All these she had forfeited by her marriage. There were for her no more dances, nor summer vacations, nor, as a rule, electric rides. John regarded those as a waste of money. He still kept the horse which his father had used on the farm. Charlotte was never impatient, but sometimes, jogging to town behind the heavy, slow-plodding animal, meekly sitting at her husband's broad left shoulder, she looked with wistful eyes at the crowds whizzing past on the electrics. Her mind was forced back upon itself, and thought was to her hard exercise, and she liked crowds and rapid motion to take its place. She was like a butterfly deprived of its wings, yet with all its instincts of tremulous motion left, as she sat beside her husband, behind the solemnly advancing horse, but she looked often at him with perfect belief and devotion. By some idiosyncrasy John's old horse now and then shied violently at the electric cars, though at nothing else—even steam rollers had failed to move him. Charlotte's eyes would flash with sudden life when the old horse jumped. She was afraid, but she liked to be afraid, since the fear gave her a sensation of life and individuality. Though Charlotte did not enjoy driving in such wise, it was to her a respite from her household tasks, which daily filled her with more consternation and despair. John never lost his temper, never scolded her, but his

steady disapproval was as the face of a rock before her eyes. He was fond of the toothsome, though perchance unwholesome, village fare which his mother had set before him from boyhood. He wanted light biscuits, and cake, and pie, though all must be concocted with a careful calculation as to the best possible results from the fewest and cheapest ingredients.

When Charlotte made a cake or a pie it was not only poor in quality, but she wasted her husband's substance unmercifully. When he pointed out to her the flour left on the board, the sugar in the bowl, her very soul was bowed in pitiful humiliation, and the depressing certainty that it would be no better next time.

When Charlotte had been married three years she had become that sad anomaly—a creature at cross purposes with itself. She was completely under the sway of her husband's will as regarded her own, yet she was unable to accomplish perfect obedience to its mandate.

Charlotte acquired a piteous little wrinkle between her eyes. She lost all her soft, childlike confidence of manner. She looked at her husband before she spoke, and yet never spoke wholly to please him, as she never did anything wholly to please him. She knew that John was not saving as much as he had expected to. He had wished to purchase a piece of land adjoining his own, but another purchaser had anticipated him while he was hoarding his money. John had a fierce ambition to acquire a competency, and Charlotte knew she was constantly balking it, although he never accused her of it and never reproached her. The waste in the little household was considerable, though they lived poorly, by reason of her bad cookery. Charlotte seldom dared essay a cake or a pie, since her efforts had been so disastrous in that direction that John had prohibited them. He had even placed her upon an allowance of flour, butter, sugar, and such things.

'You must use no more than this for a month,' he told Charlotte with that intense soberness of his which amounted in its effect to sternness. 'If you do we must go without the rest of the time.'

Ever since Charlotte had studied the resources of the supply bags in her pantry as anxiously as a shipwrecked mariner. However when the first of a month came, with its replenishment of supplies, she sometimes felt a little more confidence, and used



them a little more recklessly. She was still so childish that she had visions as of eternity and inexhaustibility at the beginning of things.

When John's birthday fell upon the same day that the flour and sugar bags were renewed a reckless spirit took possession of her. She would make him a birthday cake. She waited until John had gone to the factory for the day, carrying his poor luncheon; then she got out her mixing bowl and set to work. She studied laboriously a recipe in the cook book which John had bought for her, and strove to follow it as if it had been a commandment, but somehow she failed. When she took the cake from the oven it was a soggy, heavy mass.

Charlotte sat down and wept. And then the woman who lived in Eliza Green's house came in, with a child tugging at her skirt.

'Why, what's the matter?' said she sympathetically. She was a curious woman, but not kindly.

'I—I made a cake for John's birthday, and—and it's fell,' sobbed Charlotte.

'Why, make another; what do you sit down and cry for?' said the woman easily. She had a fair, pretty face, and her stout figure was draped in a baggy, pink calico wrapper. 'I've got a rule I never knew to fail,' said she. 'I'll send it over by Stevy.'

'Oh, I can't, I can't!' cried Charlotte in horror. 'I can't do that, and waste all this! I don't know what my husband would say.'

'Well, why don't you make it over, then?'

'Make it over?' repeated Charlotte, vaguely.

'It's as easy as can be. You just put in an egg and a little molasses, and a little milk, and a little baking powder, and a little more flour, and stir it together, and bake it over again. I've done it dozens of times.'

'What's your rule?'

'Oh, I haven't got any rule. Just put in a little more of everything. You can't fail. I never did. Use your judgment. Will you lend me your glass pitcher? My cousin and her husband are coming on the noon train, and mine got broken the other day, and the common one doesn't look hardly fit to set on the table for company. You can't fail on that cake. I wouldn't cry any more. It ain't worth it.'

Then the woman hurried away with the glass pitcher, while the child was tugging backward at her pink skirts, and Charlotte, with hope springing anew in her young heart, set to work to make over the cake.

She added a little of everything, as the woman had directed, but there was a result of which she had not been advised. The mixture filled two cake-tins instead of one, and the two went into the oven, and the two fell lamentably and utterly, as the first had done.

When Charlotte took them out and surveyed them she did not cry any more. A curious change had come over her. All her individuality, which had been overawed, but not obliterated, by those years of wedlock with a stronger nature, erected itself in full vigour, freed from all restraint by the courage of utter despair.

Charlotte's mouth was set hard; her eyes were like blue stars; there were red spots on her cheeks. She was utterly desperate and reckless. She made over the two cakes, and they were four, and she put them in the oven and they fell.

Then she went on and on, and always the cakes increased by that terrific rule of progression which has the awe of infinity in it, and the cakes always fell. She used all her baking tins. She put the mixture in china bowls which she feared would crack in the heat, but she was too desperate to heed that. At the last she even used her best china teacups.

The oven would not accommodate them all, and the pans stood about on the table, chairs, and floor, awaiting their turn. She mixed and baked until she had used all her month's supplies, and the cupboard was as bare as Mother Hubbard's. She exhausted the pile of wood which John had split that morning, and split more herself with her weak, girlish arms, and at last, in the middle of the afternoon, the pantry shelves, the kitchen floor, the table, the chairs, were laden with that nightmare of utterly fallen and uneatable cake.

Charlotte took out the last loaves and looked at them. She burned her fingers, but did not seem to feel it. Her eyes were still dry. Then without a moment's hesitation she went into her bedroom, took her muslin dress, in which she had been married, out of her closet, put it on, and her old hat, with the cheap pink flowers. Then she packed a change of linen and some little things in a bag. She took nothing which her husband had

bought for her. Charlotte pinned the neck of her muslin gown with the sham turquoise brooch which she had not worn since her marriage, because John disliked it, and tied on a dotted veil, which he had also prohibited, over her face.

Then she went out of the house, locked the front door, put the key under the blind, and took the next car to town. She had not a cent with her, not enough to pay her fare. She knew the conductor, and asked him, with a revival of her old childishly familiar manner, to trust her till the next time, which he was glad enough to do, paying her fare out of his own pocket.

'You're a great stranger,' he said, with a smile, as he slipped back along the foot rail. He was quite a young man.

'Yes, I am,' assented Charlotte; 'but I guess I sha'n't be so now.'

The conductor gave her a half admiring, half curious look. Her eyes showed that she had been weeping, but there was an expression of gaiety that was almost abandon on her face. Her cheeks reddened in the fresh wind, her flaxen hair tossed about her temples. People turned to look at her.

Charlotte stopped the car at Crosby's store.

That night, when John Woodsum came home and found his house redolent with sweets and spices, and the shelves laden with poor Charlotte's multiplicity of cakes, and she gone, he was overwhelmed by misery, and the more so by the very absurdity and grotesqueness of the guise in which it came. He looked at the cakes, and laughed while he groaned. It was like a strong man being drowned in sugar and water. He had not a doubt of it at all. These miserable, soggy attempts at cake, filling all his dishes, had their unequivocal significance in his eyes. Under a quiet and taciturn exterior he was abnormally sensitive and suspicious. He judged this to be a manifesto of all renunciation of wifely obedience, and a mockery. Still he made up his mind that she would return, and he would be very mild with her.

'After all she is childish, and I ought to have seen it when I married her,' he argued, without so much regret at a false step for himself as pity for her. 'She might have done better with a rich man like Crosby, who could have kept a hired girl,' he thought.

He did not disturb the cakes, but kindled the kitchen fire anew, and sat down to wait for his wife; but she did not come. The fire went out. At nine o'clock he began to believe that she

had rebelled utterly—made a mock at him and his frugality, and set in open defiance of him this enormous waste upon his very heart.

Then he went out to the barn, put the old horse in the buggy, and drove to town. It was a very hot night. As he passed an ice-cream saloon he looked in the windows, glittering with electricity and astir with electric fans. At a table full in sight sat Crosby, Maud Lockwood, and his wife. Charlotte had both round elbows on the table, and as he passed she looked up with that sweet, soft giggle of hers—more like an ebullition of general enjoyment than actual mirth—and it seemed as if she saw him, but she did not.

John tied his horse and entered. He stood beside the table before they saw him. Then Charlotte looked up, and her jaw dropped and her blue eyes stared. But Maud Lockwood sprang to her feet, glowing with anger.

‘You have come to look for your wife, have you, Mr. Woodsum?’ said she. ‘Well, she is making me a visit, and she is going to stay some time; and I am going to see that she has enough to eat, so she will look a little more as she used to before you married her. She is having some ice-cream now. I doubt if she has had any since she was married. You can go home and let her alone; she is staying with me.’

John gave one glance at Charlotte, and opened his mouth to speak; but she looked at him as a bird might have, with a round-eyed fascination of terror. That stung him into a coldness and stiffness of pride which seemed like death. John went out, saying not a word, turned his old horse about, and went home.

Then he recommenced his solitary life. He packed away all Charlotte’s little foolish flipperies and trinkets which he had held in such contempt, because they did not harmonise with his conception of her. Could he have put his feeling about them into words he would have inquired the need of hanging ribbons and laces upon a flower for its further adornment. But poor Charlotte was no flower—only a girl with many follies of nature upon which the follies of life could catch and cling.

John Woodsum’s nature was so essentially masculine that these little girlish possessions touched him only to that selfsame contempt as he thrust them into the trunk. Yet he loved his wife, and his heart was well-nigh breaking for the loss of her,

though she had, as he believed, deserted him and mocked him with such an extravagance of absurdity that it seemed to fairly rob his grief of its own dignity. John was not jealous; no doubt as to his wife's faithfulness ever dawned upon him. That was no more in his conception of her than her helpless shallowness of nature had been.

John sent the trunk to his wife, who had left Maud Lockwood and was boarding in her old quarters and working at the ribbon counter at Crosby's. He was painfully conscious and angry at himself for it when he gave the address to the express-man who took the trunk away. He knew that he knew—that all the neighbours knew. One morning the woman who lived in Eliza Green's house sent him some muffins for breakfast, and he sent them back.

'Thank your mother, and tell her I've had my breakfast,' he said to the little round-faced boy who bore them aloft in both hands.

That night the woman told Eliza Green; and Eliza for some reason felt indignant almost to repulsion with John's wife when she stood next her at the ribbon counter the following day.

Charlotte was prettier than when she had stood there before, for the little shade of unhappiness and anxiety on her face accentuated it and gave it an interest beyond that of mere sweetness of colour and outline. She had resumed some of her coquettish tricks of dress, and the sham turquoise again gleamed in her neck ribbon; but she still wore her hair as John had directed.

'Why don't you do your hair the old way? You'd look a heap prettier,' asked Maud Lockwood; and Charlotte giggled and said she didn't know; but she never looped her flaxen locks over her ears as she had been used to do.

Charlotte did not talk as much as before her marriage. Her blue eyes had often a retrospective look. For the first time in her life she had a clearly defined object—a definite goal for progress. She was intent upon saving enough money to replace all the ingredients she had wasted in her luckless cake-making. Her weekly stipend was small; she had almost nothing left after her board was paid, but she saved every penny. She even did her washing in her own room, and dried her clothes overnight in her window. She paid not a cent for car fares, always walking unless some one invited her to ride.

She bought no new trinkets; she went without new flannels when winter came, and wore her old thin ones. Still she could save only penny by penny. She reckoned the cost of the supplies which she had wasted as about fifteen dollars. Then she took cold from wearing damp clothing, only partly dried in her room, and thin flannels, and she was out of the store some weeks, with the doctor and medicine to pay for. Mr. Crosby paid her salary while she was out, and sent her fruit and flowers; and she began to realise that she had only to speak for still more.

‘He’s gone mad over you,’ said Maud Lockwood. ‘Why don’t you get divorced and marry him?’

Charlotte coloured all over her thin, sweet face and her neck. She had grown very thin during her illness, and strange fancies were always in her brain. She did not feel like her old self at all. Sometimes she experienced a momentary surprise at seeing her familiar face in the glass. Possibly she was not the same. Nobody can tell what changes the indulgence of a foreign trait may work in a character; and it was with Charlotte as if a butterfly had developed a deadly intensity.

It seemed to her as if she could never scrape together that fifteen dollars; but none the less she persevered. She did not definitely plan what would happen should she succeed—whether she would return to her husband or not—but the fifteen dollars she must have, for some reason. Whether it was love or revenge, or the instinct of blind obedience to a stronger nature, she did not know. She was not equal to self-analysis, but she began to think and grow cunning with that cunning which springs most readily from the greed of acquisition. The next time Mr. Crosby sent her flowers she did what she had never done before—sent him a pretty note of thanks.

Then he wrote to her, sending more flowers and fruit, and begging her not to return to the store until she was entirely restored to health.

Charlotte returned to the store the next week, though she was not able. She was very thin, and she coughed hard. She was indescribably pathetic and pretty, with her hollow blue eyes and her appealing smile, when her employer came to greet her.

She thanked him, and let her hand remain in his. He chided her gently for returning to the store, and invited her to drive with him that afternoon—the air would do her good—and she consented.

Eliza Green had heard the conversation, and when Mr. Crosby had gone she turned severely to the other girl.

‘Do you realise what you are doing?’ she asked, with more excitement than she had ever shown. ‘As long as you bear a man’s name you have no right to lay it in the dust.’

But Charlotte stared at her with utterly childish wonder.

‘What do you mean, Eliza?’ said she. Then she coughed.

‘She means that you mustn’t flirt with one man till you’re quit of another,’ said Maud Lockwood clearly, and laughed.

‘I am not going to,’ Charlotte replied simply between her coughs; but she blushed guiltily, for she had an under-motive which no one suspected.

Charlotte did not get over her cold as she should, perhaps from her continuing to do her washing in her room and wearing poorly aired linen, and perhaps because she did not buy the medicine ordered by her doctor.

After a while she could not be in the store at all. Mr. Crosby used to send delicacies and sometimes call on her. On pleasant days he took her to drive in an easy carriage. People did not know whether to talk pityingly or reproachfully. Maud Lockwood defended her stoutly. But neither she nor any one dreamed for a moment of her real aim and motive, which was ridiculous to grotesqueness—she wanted to get that fifteen dollars. She alone knew by what childish wiles and cunning, planned in her sleepless nights while she lay coughing, drenched with the sweat of exhaustion, she brought it about; but Crosby one day brought her something which he had been made to know would please her—a real turquoise brooch set with pearls. The girl’s eyes flashed when she saw it. She fairly laughed.

‘What a tonic a bit of jewellery is to a woman!’ Crosby said, laughing in return.

‘Thank, oh, thank you!’ cried Charlotte. ‘Is it mine to do just what I want to with? Do you mean that?’

‘Of course I do,’ replied Crosby wonderingly.

That evening after dusk Charlotte stole out of the house, though she had been forbidden the night air. When she returned, stifling her cough on the stairs, lest her landlady should hear her, Crosby’s turquoise brooch had been sold, and the fifteen dollars’ worth of provisions ordered sent to John Woodsum’s.

The next day when John Woodsum returned from work he found the parcels heaped on his porch.



He was looking at them in a bewildered way when he heard a cough, and saw Charlotte shrinking back in the corner. John had heard some of the talk about Crosby, and his heart was bitter. He was about to turn away when he caught sight of her face.

‘Are you sick?’ he asked, almost roughly.

‘I guess so,’ she returned, shrinkingly.

Then she made a weak little run to him, and he put an arm around her.

‘That is every bit as much as I used, every bit as much,’ she said, pointing to the parcels.

‘What do you mean?’

Charlotte told him incoherently, and he listened.

‘Oh, my God!’ cried he. ‘Come into the house, poor child.’

The next day Crosby’s turquoise brooch was returned to him. John carried it to his boarding-place, and the two men had a talk, at first with angry voices. At last they shook hands. The next day Crosby sent some white roses, and John himself put them in a vase beside Charlotte’s bed.

‘He’s been real good,’ said she, ‘and if it hadn’t been for him I don’t know as I ever could have come home.’

Charlotte lived only two months after her return. There was consumption in her mother’s family. Then, too, her willingness to yield to forces was a fatal element in this case.

It was only the day before she died when Eliza Green came in to see her, bringing some jelly. Eliza looked unusually well; her face was clear and good; her voice was calm and pleasant. Charlotte’s nurse was not very tidy.

Eliza moved softly about the room, setting things to rights. She covered up a dish, lest the flies should get into it; she put a cork in a bottle. Charlotte watched her with a wise regard in her hollow blue eyes.

That night she said to John:

‘John, do you like Eliza?’

‘Well enough; why?’

‘Nothing,’ replied Charlotte. ‘Only—she is a good girl, and she is very neat and orderly, and I don’t believe she would ever waste anything. John——’

‘Oh, hush, darling!’ cried John, in an agony.

But Charlotte smiled. At the last she had learned her little lesson of obedience and thrift against all her instincts, and all her waste of life was over.

MARY E. WILKINS.

## EXAMINATIONS IN FICTION.

BY ANDREW LANG.

PERHAPS they have a school of fiction in some American universities. A friend of mine, visiting one of these academies, met a lady professor of English literature. She was lecturing on Mr. William Watson, and probably has now advanced as far as Mr. Stephen Phillips. Where did she begin, one asks, if she had already ventured so far down the stream of English poesy? Probably she did not, as the ram in the fairy-tale advises, 'commence at the commencement.' The object clearly was to be up to date. Thus a school of fiction might study nothing earlier than Mr. Thomas Hardy, and pass-men would not be expected to take up authors more archaic than Mr. Kipling.

In 1855 mankind was less advanced. In that year, however, was published 'The Student's Guide to the School of Literæ Fictitiæ,' put forth from the press of Vincent at Oxford. The statute founding the school was in Latin, a language now understood by few. It set forth that the young naturally abhor dry studies, as of mental and moral philosophy, physical science, and history. They prefer works of imagination. These, the statute innocently observes, avoid all danger of scepticism or free-thinking, such as always besets students of history, science, and philosophy. Apparently novels were not easy guides to emancipation in 1855. A school of fiction, the statute adds, will suit ladies who profess *principia quæ vocant Bloomeriana*—the ideas of the late Miss Bloomer, the reformer of feminine costume. For these excellent reasons the school is instituted, and lists of books, with examination papers, are issued. The subjects are partly quite old-fashioned, partly were up to date in 1855.

Everybody is to be *viva-vocè'd* in 'The Pilgrim's Progress' and Adams's 'Allegories,' for which Nonconformists are allowed to substitute tales by Mrs. Hannah More. 'The Fairchild Family' might well have been added. For class-men 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' 'Tales of my Landlord,' four of Dickens's novels, and three of Thackeray's are the minimum. In the classical division are 'Gil Blas,' 'Don Quixote,' 'Tristram Shandy,' 'The Sentimental Journey,' three of Fielding's, two of Smollett's, with

'Clarissa Harlowe,' 'Grandison,' and 'Pamela'—a stiff list. In the modern division are Miss Austen, Miss Edgeworth, Fanny Burney (two), Charlotte Brontë, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' Lytton, Mrs. Gaskell, and Miss Yonge's 'Heir of Redclyffe' and 'Heartsease.'

In composition the pass-men's papers appear difficult, and (what is very unfair) they demand a knowledge of books that are not novels. Thus:

Translate into the style of Dr. Johnson:

'Poetry's unnat'ral. No man ever talked in poetry 'cept a beadle on Boxin' Day, or Warren's Blackin', or Rowland's Oil, or some o' them low fellows. Never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy.'

Can a pass-man be expected to do this question with any measure of success? I give my own feeble attempt at a reply. It will be seen that Dr. Johnson greatly expands the succinct and simple style of the elder Mr. Weller:

'That poetry is natural and produced by untutored minds, "according to nature," is the contention of the Stagyrte. Men commenced poets, he would have us believe, by way of spontaneous improvisation—an idea which common-sense rejects and all experience repudiates. Despite the boast of Pope, no infant ever "lisp'd in numbers." The report is the figment of the vanity of a mother or the interested invention of a nurse.

'No man ever talked in poetry, unless the alcoholic excitation of the Christmas festival may have prompted a parish officer to declaim in rhyme such matters as, when sober, he would have been ashamed to pronounce in prose. The mercenaries who would extol the merits of such compositions as profess to give to shoes and boots the lustre and hue of ebony may spontaneously celebrate their patrons' wares in doggerel couplets; and the venal applause of the unguents of Macassar may utter itself in the style of the Oriental Eclogues of Collins. Such improvisations, I admit, may exude from the levity of the degraded, and may attract the attention of the frivolous. But, were I to assume the moralist and dictate to the young and the aspiring, I would urge on them the lesson of abstaining, in their conversation, from the insensate attempt to *speak* in a style in which few can attain any degree of merit, even while penning their fancies in the seclusion of the closet or breathing forth their passions in the solitude of inanimate nature.'

This rendering may only be worthy of a minus first, but it is beyond the powers of a pass-man, who, of course, cannot be

expected to have read Dr. Johnson. A class-man's task is to write 'an elegy or epitaph on Little Nell, in the style of Pope.' I doubt if *this* will do!

Wayfarer, pause! beneath yon mossy stone  
 Alone she sleeps, who often waked alone!  
 Impatient of slow trade and tardy gain,  
 Her sire had ventured on a bolder train,  
 Impelled his wealth in modish ways to seek,  
 At Basset, Ombre, Lanterloo, or Gleeke;  
 The follies thus and foibles of the great,  
 Sink to the poor, and poison half the State!  
 Vainly he gamed; for still the slender purse  
 More slender grew, and bad was changed for worse!  
 'Twas then the maid controlled the eager sire,  
 'Twas she that drew him from the city's mire,  
 And strove to soothe him in the rural shade,  
 Where only rustic needs usurp the *spade*;  
 Where *hearts* are pure; and though rude swains may drub,  
 No man imputes his *ruin* to a *club*.  
 Wandering they went the ways of labouring men,  
 By moor and marsh, by village, field, and fen,  
 Content, where puppets yield a blameless sport,  
 To dwell with Codlin, or to sup with Short,  
 Or point, amid the waxwork's mimic ring,  
 To staring shapes of lady, fop, or king.  
 Wearied, at length, within this peaceful vale,  
 She died—to make an ending of a tale!  
 And many a gentle bosom long may swell,  
 When taught the history of Little Nell.

The class questions in general can only be answered in essays of some length; for, indeed, the very questions are not short. I confess that, not having read expressly for this school, I do not even know who certain persons of importance were. I cannot compare the political careers and characters of Lord Oldborough and Dudley Egerton, and give a succinct (or any other) 'account of the Lansmere election.' Where do we read of Lady Davenant and Rowland Lester? Perhaps these people occur in Miss Edgeworth's novels, or are they in Lytton's? This is dreadful ignorance, but I would wager that few readers know where the following passage occurs: 'Deer Creeter,—As you are the animable hopjack of my contemplayshins, your aydear is infernally skimming before my kymmerical fansee,' with what follows in the love-letter of 'Clayrender.'

Turning back for relaxation to the pass papers, we note that Oxford is ever in advance of 'the Other Shop.' Calverley's Cambridge paper on 'Pickwick' is famous: I believe that Sir

Walter Besant was prizeman. But a similar paper occurs earlier in this Oxford set of questions. Now Calverley was a Balliol man before he migrated to the sister university and introduced Pickwick 'papers' to Cambridge—brought them from Athens to Thebes, as Dryden would have put the matter. Thus we are asked, at Oxford, 'Can you assign any probable grounds for the popular representation of Mr. Pickwick under the figure of an "aged ram"?' = old buck

Can the reader?

'What data have we for supposing that the politics of Mr. Alfred Jingle were those of a free trader?'

'Define "alley tor," "alleybi," "commony," "killibeate," "tap," "have his carcase," "mizzle," "twopenny rope," "small firearms," "flummoxed."'

Here 'small firearms' beat me, but I think (though still ignorant of the nature and properties of the 'common profeel machine') that I can settle the others. Can the reader tackle 'killibeate' and 'twopenny rope'? Can he give the context and occasions of these phrases without consulting the book? Who said 'fruits is in, cats is out'?

Do you know who Martin Hanegan's aunt was, and can you 'examine the peculiar method adopted by her as *arbitra bibendi*'? Quote the lyric in which she is commemorated! Do you know in what novel Colonel Howard meets Miss Katherine Plowden? I know, but I have not read the novel.

Pass questions in Sir Walter Scott are easy. Explain 'whaap,' 'clecking time's aye canty time,' 'a hantle bogles.' But *do*, of all things, explain 'a pair o' cleeks.' Does the phrase mean a driving cleek and a putting cleek? Probably not; but without the context I am puzzled, unless a couple of policemen are intended.

There is a soul of seriousness in frivolous things, and this appears to have dawned occasionally on the author of the skit. Sometimes he is merely fooling, as when he says 'Draw a map of Europe, showing the exact position of the public in which Dr. Primrose discovered his lost Olivia;' or, 'Discuss the importance of the East Indies (1) to the British empire, (2) to the development of the plot in "Guy Mannering."' Again, our author, running counter to his own advanced and Liberal principles, demands a knowledge of mental and moral philosophy, of history and of science—all very dry subjects, which he professedly means

to supplant by *literæ fictitiæ*. He even takes for granted a knowledge of Greek and Latin. How many of our young and cultured critics of to-day could construe a sentence of Xenophon? Novels (with a little very modern and minor poetry) serve their turn. They could not answer this excellent question: 'How far do (1) Mr. Delville, senior, (2) Mr. Dombey, embody the *magnanimous* character of Aristotle's Ethics? And can we recognise in either the former or the latter more than an ideal and practically unattained standard of the virtue they embody?' 'The magnanimous man is *ὁ μεγάλων αὐτὸν ἀξιῶν, ἄξιος ὧν*: he who justly thinks no small beer of himself.' Both Mr. Delville and Mr. Dombey thought no small beer of themselves—on different grounds, indeed, but on grounds wholly inadequate. They are about equally incensing. But, clearly, the eager students of *literæ fictitiæ* cannot fairly be asked to know anything about Aristotle. I myself was lately compelled to lecture in a large provincial town, and offered the manager a long string of subjects, from Psychical Research to the Decline of British Bowling, the town being the centre of a famous cricketing county. However, I was told that they wanted a lecture on Novels. Novels, and nothing else, spell culture for the modern public. I rather baffled them by lecturing on the Poetics of Aristotle, and the application of his ideas to recent fiction. Except for a few bold spirits they had to sit it out; but culture was thus merely forced by a kind of violence on readers of the cheap magazines. We cannot force them to come into a school of *literæ fictitiæ* on classical principles.

Again, the founder of the school occasionally asks other serious questions.

'What moral features appear inseparable from the *ideal* hero of Charlotte Brontë, as arrived at by abstraction from the three prominent male characters in "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," and "Villette"?'

They are all 'harbtrary gents,' and Miss Brontë's *ideal* hero seems to have been a high-handed personage—one who would let a lady 'know he was there.'

Once more: 'Mark the progress of society towards philanthropy by comparing (1) the tone of Fielding's novels, (2) of the earlier and later works of Dickens.'

In fact the tone is much the same: Fielding always taking up the cause of the poor and oppressed. But Fielding published

a definite system for dealing with pauperism, while Dickens, with Mr. Bumble, was content to cry that whatever is, is wrong. The student might have been asked to compare Smollett's moral objections to the existence of hospitals, probably to be accounted for by some personal feud with some other physician. The medical studies of Roderick Random might also be compared with those of Bob Sawyer.

'What peculiar conditions of English society may be supposed to have produced the "gentleman highwayman"? Trace the history of this institution from the time of Smollett to that of Bulwer,—we might now add, of Mr. Marriott Watson.

This is an interesting question. The gentleman highwayman was evolved during the Hundred Years' War. Among other gentlemen High Toby men we may name Monstrelet, the Burgundian chronicler; Sir Thomas Gray, the author of 'Scalacronica'; and William Selby, who stopped the Cardinal and was hanged by David II. The 'Verney Papers' give us the gentleman highwayman of the Restoration, and Evelina miraculously converted a Scotch gentleman who had invested his last remaining capital in pistols, and was about commencing footpad. This is a delightful field wherein to expatiate.

As to *pathos*, the following questions are admirable :

'Compare, with a view to ascertain the relative excellence of their authors as *pathetic* writers, the death scenes of Clarissa Harlowe, Ruth, Paul Dombey, Guy Morville, Eva St. Clair, Le Fevre.'

In my poor opinion, Richardson is victorious in this contest, to which the death scene of Colonel Newcome is not admitted, perhaps because it had not yet been published. One might add the question, 'What pathetic death-bed scenes occur in Scott, if any?' The pass-man is asked to 'give instances from "Guy Mannering" of the true *sportsmanlike* spirit which characterises the author.' The reference is to Bertram and the brock. But Scott was too good a sportsman to make use of death-bed pathos. His moribunds, like Marmion and Frank Bothwell, 'die as they had lived, hard,' and sword in hand. This topic might be pursued to great length, and we may partly estimate an author's character by the frequency or absence of his pathetic death scenes. I know not if the death scene of old Dumbiedikes is to be reckoned pathetic: it is, a little, I think: so is that of the elder Croftangry.



'Enumerate instances from your books where the pathos of a passage either arises from, or is heightened by, the agency of any of the *brute creation*, and analyse the *source* of the emotion in these instances.'

The combined death-beds of Dora and of her dog at once occur to the memory; Dickens was double-barrelling his emotional resources by killing-off hound and mistress simultaneously. Sir Henry Lee, in 'Woodstock,' dies with circumstances of good taste, and his dog Bevis does not long survive him; but practically no pathos is extracted. Dickens was wiser in his generation.

When our examiner asks us to 'point out any general affinities between the *humour* of Madame d'Arblay and Dickens,' he sets an easy question, for Mr. Briggs's style is precisely that of Mr. Jingle, and the rowdy Brangtons are not alien to the method of Dickens. Both Dickens and Madame d'Arblay owe a good deal to Smollett; but both were, as a rule, more truly humorous, in proportion as they were much more humane. Not one of the three shrank from caricature. The later writers illustrate a question set, on which a book might be written:

'Does the history of prose fiction up to the present time afford any grounds for conceiving its course to be subject to a law of recurrence in a cycle?'

Probably it does. We begin with romance and come to realism, and, by a natural reaction, we return to romance. Smollett had scarcely pronounced romance to be dead when he tried a little of it himself, in 'Ferdinand, Count Fathom,' and then came Horace Walpole with 'The Castle of Otranto,' and Mrs. Radcliffe. American novelists were proclaiming the death of romance just when it was reviving under Mr. Stevenson and many others. This cycle must revolve into itself while novels are read.

Fiction, Mr. Howells and others assure us, has become a much finer art in the course of the present generation. It has usurped the functions of prophecy, science, religion, and government, also of biblical criticism. Consequently papers of much larger scope ought now to be set, and we may offer a few questions more or less on a level with the high tide of progress. Thus:

1. State and discuss Miss Corelli's theory of a molecule, distinguishing, if possible, a molecule from a microbe.
2. Criticise Mr. Hall Caine's biblical knowledge with reference

to his theory of the destruction of Sodom. How far is it in accordance (a) with the Hebrew traditions, (b) with the evidence of the monuments, (c) with the higher criticism?

3. Distinguish realism from naturalism: incidentally contrasting the realism of Furetière with that of Mr. W. D. Howells.

4. Discuss the handling of the 'supernatural' by Scott, Mr. Henry James, and Mr. Rider Haggard.

5. Criticise the use of hypnotism by modern authors. How far is its treatment by Mr. George Macdonald and Mr. A. E. W. Mason in accordance with the teaching (a) of the Salpêtrière, (b) of the Nancy schools?

6. Give a recipe (a) for an historical, (b) for a prehistoric, (c) for a scientific novel, (d) for a novel of the future.

7. Briefly sketch a romance intended to demonstrate the genuine and archaic character of the Book of Deuteronomy, showing how you would work in 'the love interest.'

8. State the etymology of the word 'boom.' Show how a boom may best be organised. Mention the earliest known date at which the pulpit was used as an engine for booming a novel.

9. Compare the relative value, as boomsters, of the pulpit, the statesman, and the press.

10. Compare the merits, in original historical research, of Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Stanley Weyman, Sir Walter Scott, and Thackeray.

11. 'I never learned grammar.' Illustrate the truth of Scott's remark from his novels, and criticise the grammar of Thackeray, Miss Corelli, Dr. Conan Doyle, and Ouida, with special reference to their quotations from foreign languages.

12. Discuss American historical novels; mentioning, if you can, any examples in which Washington is not introduced.

13. Illustrate the progress of the species by the vast distance which severs the novels of Hawthorne from those of Mr. Winston Churchill (*Americanus*).

14. Discuss the theory that 'Esmond' is a work by many various hands, giving reasons for your opinion, and drawing inferences as to the unity of the *Iliad*.

#### ORIGINAL COMPOSITION.

1. Write a poem, of not more than one hundred lines, on Purity, selecting 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' as an ideal example of the virtue.

2. A poem, in Latin hexameters, conveying the probable sentiments of the Pope as regards Miss Marie Corelli.

3. 'Surrender,' a poem in the manner of Mr. Kipling, adding a glossary of technical terms, and a brief etymological analysis of such slang expressions as you may think it reasonable to employ.

4. An essay on the theory and practice of the happy ending, criticising the opinion on this subject of Charles II., and giving examples of tragedies with happy endings, in the drama of the Restoration, and in the novel of 'Pendennis.'

5. An essay on novels in dialect, with special reference to (a) American novels in dialect, (b) the Kailyard school, (c) the novel in Yiddish, (d) the novel in Hindustani. Is it your opinion that the legislature should interfere to abate any or all of these—novels?

6. Essay on the probable effects on English fiction of the institution of an Academy. Illustrate from the example of France, and cite novels of immaculate propriety written by authors (previously improper) under academic influence.

7. Write a letter from Henry Fielding to Mr. George Moore on the principles and practice of the art of fiction, or from Sir Walter Scott to Sir Walter Besant on the topic of publishers.

#### POLITICAL ECONOMY.

1. The probable consequences of a strike of novelists.

2. The advantages and disadvantages, if any, of employing an authors' agent.

3. Apply Ricardo's theory of rent to authors' royalties, showing, if you can, that their ratio depends on the profits of the authors most entirely destitute of culture.

4. Has an author a legitimate claim on his publisher for unexhausted improvements, and how does this bear on press corrections?

5. Apply the theory of unearned increment to sixpenny editions of novels.

6. In cases of collaboration, calculate the ratio of profits which should accrue to the collaborator who writes the book, and give means of discovering which collaborator merely looks on.

7. Discuss the theory of doing without a publisher, and give any reasons that may occur to you for the practical rarity of this method.

8. Discuss the hypothesis that the publisher never, or hardly ever, takes any risks: with reference (1) to novels, (2) to the contemptible remnant of works which are not novels.

9. Discuss the probable effects, good or bad, of a return to the old three-volume system, with special reference to the restriction of output at the pit's mouth.

10. Try to explain why circulating libraries prefer to send out uncalled-for rubbish to their subscribers; and discuss the reasons and results of their conduct in discouraging literature.

11. Comment on the benefits of a compulsory eight hours' law on the novels, morals, health, and incomes of any very prolific novelists who may occur to you.

12. 'High interest means bad security.' Apply this maxim to the choice of a publisher, illustrating from any modern historical examples with which you may be acquainted.

13. How far ought advertisement to be regulated (*a*) by principles of morals, (*b*) by principles of taste?

This paper, it may be observed, has no parallel in the old school of *literæ fictitiæ* of 1855. At that date literature and commerce had not formed the close alliance which now unites them. I *ought* to set a novelist's divinity paper: for reasons of reverence I forbear. The paper on political economy is but another instance of the march of progress. By rapidly eliminating all kinds of literature except novels at six shillings, progress has, in one way, simplified life. We can boldly say, what most of us think, that poetry is 'such *footle*, you know,' and we can take all our opinions, without the labour of study, from our favourite romancers. For these reasons even the conservative universities must presently establish a *tripos*, or school, of fiction.

Dr. Nicholson may grieve, but all the old MSS. and 'glorified school books' must be turned out of the Bodleian, an admirable home for a circulating library, to be worked by the delegates of the Clarendon Press, who ought also to set about publishing novels.

# THE TALE OF THE GREAT MUTINY.<sup>1</sup>

BY THE REV. W. H. FITCHETT.

AUTHOR OF 'DEEDS THAT WON THE EMPIRE.'

## I. MUNGUL PANDY.

THE scene is Barrackpore, the date March 29, 1857. It is Sunday afternoon; but on the dusty floor of the parade-ground a drama is being enacted which is suggestive of anything but Sabbath peace. The quarter-guard of the 34th Native Infantry—tall men, erect and soldierly, and nearly all high-caste Brahmins—is drawn up in regular order. Behind it chatters and sways and eddies a confused mass of Sepoys, in all stages of dress and undress; some armed, some unarmed; but all fermenting with excitement. Some thirty yards in front of the line of the 34th swaggers to and fro a Sepoy named Mungul Pandy. He is half-drunk with bhang, and wholly drunk with religious fanaticism. Chin in air, loaded musket in hand, he struts backwards and forwards, at a sort of half-dance, shouting in shrill and nasal monotone, 'Come out, you blackguards! Turn out, all of you! The English are upon us. Through biting these cartridges we shall all be made infidels!'

The man, in fact, is in that condition of mingled bhang and 'nerves' which makes a Malay run amok; and every shout from his lips runs like a wave of sudden flame through the brains and along the nerves of the listening crowd of fellow-Sepoys. And as the Sepoys off duty come running up from every side, the crowd grows ever bigger, the excitement more intense, the tumult of chattering voices more passionate. A human powder magazine, in a word, is about to explode.

Suddenly there appears upon the scene the English adjutant, Lieutenant Baugh. A runner has brought the news to him as he lies in the sultry quiet of the Sunday afternoon in his quarters. The English officer is a man of decision. A saddled horse stands ready in the stable; he thrusts loaded pistols into the holsters, buckles on his sword, and gallops to the scene of trouble. The

<sup>1</sup> Copyright 1901 by the Rev. W. H. Fitchett in the United States of America.

sound of galloping hoofs turns all Sepoy eyes up the road; and as that red-coated figure, the symbol of military authority, draws near, excitement through the Sepoy crowd goes up uncounted degrees. They are about to witness a duel between revolt and discipline, between a mutineer and an adjutant!

Mungul Pandy has at least one quality of a good soldier. He can face peril coolly. He steadies himself, and grows suddenly silent. He stands in the track of the galloping horse, musket at shoulder, the man himself moveless as a bronze image. And steadily the Englishman rides down upon him! The Sepoy's musket suddenly flashes; the galloping horse swerves and stumbles; horse and man roll in the white dust of the road. But the horse only has been hit, and the adjutant struggles, dusty and bruised, from under the fallen beast, plucks a loaded pistol from the holster, and runs straight at the mutineer. Within ten paces of him he lifts his pistol and fires. There is a flash of red pistol-flame, a puff of white smoke, a gleam of whirling sword-blade. But a man who has just scrambled up, half-stunned, from a fallen horse, can scarcely be expected to shine as a marksman. Baugh has missed his man, and in another moment is himself cut down by Mungul Pandy's tulwar. At this sight a Mohammedan Sepoy—Mungul Pandy was a Brahmin—runs out and catches the uplifted wrist of the victorious Mungul. Here is one Sepoy, at least, who cannot look on and see his English officer slain—least of all by a cow-worshipping Hindu!

Again the sound of running feet is heard on the road. It is the English sergeant-major, who has followed his officer, and he, too—red of face, scant of breath, but plucky of spirit—charges straight at the mutinous Pandy. But a sergeant-major, stout and middle-aged, who has run in uniform three-quarters of a mile on an Indian road and under an Indian sun, is scarcely in good condition for engaging in a single combat with a bhang-maddened Sepoy, and he, in turn, goes down under the mutineer's tulwar.

How the white teeth gleam, and the black eyes flash, through the crowd of excited Sepoys! The clamour of voices takes a new shrillness. Two sahibs are down before their eyes, under the victorious arm of one of their comrades! The men who form the quarter-guard of the 34th, at the orders of their native officer, run forward a few paces at the double, but they do not attempt to seize the mutineer. Their sympathies are with him. They halt; they

sway to and fro. The nearest smite with the butt-end of their muskets at the two wounded Englishmen.

A cluster of British officers by this time is on the scene; the colonel of the 34th, himself, has come up, and naturally takes command. He orders the men of the quarter-guard to seize the mutineers, and is told by the native officer in charge that the men 'will not go on.' The colonel is, unhappily, not of the stuff of which heroes are made. He looks through his spectacles at Mungul Pandey. A six-foot Sepoy in open revolt, loaded musket in hand—himself loaded more dangerously by fanaticism strongly flavoured with bhang—while a thousand excited Sepoys look on trembling with angry sympathy, does not make a cheerful spectacle. 'I felt it useless,' says the bewildered colonel, in his official report after the incident, 'going on any farther in the matter. . . . It would have been a useless sacrifice of life to order a European officer of the guard to seize him. . . . I left the guard and reported the matter to the brigadier.' Unhappy colonel! He may have had his red-tape virtues, but he was clearly not the man to suppress a mutiny. The mutiny, in a word, suppressed him! And let it be imagined how the spectacle of that hesitating colonel added a new element of wondering delight to the huge crowd of swaying Sepoys.

At this moment General Hearsey, the brigadier in charge, rides on to the parade-ground: a red-faced, wrathful, hard-fighting, iron-nerved veteran, with two sons, of blood as warlike as their father's, riding behind him as aides. Hearsey, with quick military glance, takes in the whole scene—the mob of excited Sepoys, the sullen quarter-guard, the two red-coats lying in the road, and the victorious Mungul Pandey, musket in hand. As he rode up somebody called out, 'Have a care; his musket is loaded.' To which the General replied, with military brevity, 'Damn his musket!' 'An oath,' says Trevelyan, 'concerning which every true Englishman will make the customary invocation to the recording angel.'

Mungul Pandey covered the General with his musket. Hearsey found time to say to his son, 'If I fall, John, rush in and put him to death somehow.' Then, pulling up his horse on the flank of the quarter-guard, he plucked a pistol from his holster, levelled it straight at the head of the native officer, and curtly ordered the men to advance and seize the mutineer. The levelled pistol, no doubt, had its own logic; but more effective than even the steady



and tiny tube was the face that looked from behind it, with command and iron courage in every line. That masterful British will instantly asserted itself. The loose line of the quarter-guard stiffened with instinctive obedience; the men stepped forward; and Mungul Pandey, with one unsteady glance at Hearsey's stern visage, turned with a quick movement the muzzle of his gun to his own breast, thrust his naked toe into the trigger, and fell, self-shot. He survived to be hanged, with due official ceremonies, seven days afterwards.

It was a true instinct which, after this, taught the British soldier to call every mutinous Sepoy a 'Pandey.' That incident at Barrackpore is really the history of the Indian mutiny in little. All its elements are there: the bhang-stimulated fanaticism of the Sepoy, with its quick contagion, running through all Sepoy ranks; the hasty rush of the solitary officer, gallant, but ill-fated, a single man trying to suppress a regiment. Here, too, is the colonel of the 34th, who, with a cluster of regiments on the point of mutiny, decides that it is 'useless' to face a dangerously excited Sepoy armed with a musket, and retires to 'report' the business to his brigadier. He is the type of that failure of official nerve—fortunately very rare—which gave the mutiny its early successes. General Hearsey, again, with his grim 'D—— his musket!' supplies the example of that courage, swift, fierce, and iron-nerved, that in the end crushed the Mutiny and restored the British Empire in India.

The Great Mutiny, as yet, has found neither its final historian nor its sufficient poet. What other nation can show in its record such a cycle of heroism as that which lies in the history of the British in India between May 10, 1857—the date of the Meerut outbreak, and the true beginning of the Mutiny—and November 1, 1858, when the Queen's proclamation officially marked its close? But the heroes in that great episode—the men of Lucknow, and Delhi, and Arrah, the men who marched and fought under Havelock, who held the Ridge at Delhi under Wilson, who stormed the Alumbagh under Clyde—though they could make history, could not write it. There are a hundred 'Memoirs,' and 'Journals,' and 'Histories' of the great revolt, but the Mutiny still waits for its Thucydides and its Napier. Trevelyan's 'Cawnpore,' it is true, will hold its readers breathless with its fire, and movement, and graphic force; but it deals with only one picturesque and dreadful episode of the Great Mutiny. The 'History of the Mutiny,'

by Kaye and Malleeson, is laborious, honest, accurate ; but no one can pretend that it is very readable. It has Kinglake's diffuseness without Kinglake's literary charm. The work, too, is a sort of literary duet of a very controversial sort. Colonel Malleeson, from the notes, continually contradicts Sir John Kaye in the text, and does it with a bluntness and a diligence which have quite a humorous effect.

Not only is the Mutiny without an historian, but it remains without any finally convincing analysis of its causes. Justin McCarthy's summary of the causes of the Mutiny, as given in his 'History of Our Own Times,' is a typical example of wrong-headed judgment. Mr. McCarthy contemplates the Mutiny through the lens of his own politics, and almost regards it with complacency as a mere struggle for Home Rule! It was not a Mutiny, he says, like that at the Nore ; it was a revolution, like that in France at the end of the eighteenth century. It was 'a national and religious war,' a rising of the many races of India against the too oppressive Saxon. The native princes were in it as well as the native soldiers.

The plain facts of the case are fatal to that theory. The struggle was confined to one Presidency out of three. Only two dynastic princes—Nana Sahib and the Ranee of Jhansi—joined in the outbreak. The people in the country districts were passive ; the British revenue, except over the actual field of strife, was regularly paid. If their own trained native soldiery turned against the British, other natives thronged in thousands to their flag. A hundred examples might be given where native loyalty and valour saved the situation for the English.

There were Sepoys on both sides of the entrenchment at Lucknow. Counting camp followers, native servants, &c., there were two black faces to every white face under the British flag which fluttered so proudly over the historic Ridge at Delhi. The 'protected' Sikh chiefs, by their fidelity, kept British authority from temporary collapse betwixt the Jumna and the Sutlej. They formed what Sir Richard Temple calls 'a political breakwater,' on which the fury of rebellious Hindustan broke in vain. The chief of Pattiala employed 5,000 troops in guarding the trunk road betwixt the Punjaub and Delhi, along which reinforcements and warlike supplies were flowing to the British force on the Ridge. This enabled the whole strength of the British to be concentrated on the siege. The Chief of Jhind was the first native ruler who

appeared in the field with an armed force on the British side, and his troops took part in the final assault on Delhi. Golab Singh sent from his principality, stretching along the foot of the Himalayas, strong reinforcements to the British troops besieging Delhi. 'The sight of these troops moving against the mutineers in the darkest hour of British fortunes produced,' says Sir Richard Temple, 'a profound moral effect on the Punjaub.'

If John Lawrence had to disband or suppress 36,000 mutinous Sepoys in the Punjaub, he was able to enlist from Ghoorkas and Sikhs and the wild tribes on the Afghan borders more than another 36,000 to take their places. He fed the scanty and gallant force which kept the British flag flying before Delhi with an ever-flowing stream of native soldiers of sufficient fidelity. At the time of the Mutiny there were 38,000 British soldiers in a population of 180,000,000. If the Mutiny had been indeed a 'national' uprising, what chances of survival would the handful of British have had?

It is quite true that the Mutiny, in its later stages, drew to itself political forces, and took a political aspect. The Hindu Sepoy, says Herbert Edwardes, 'having mutinied about a cartridge, had nothing to propose for an Empire, and fell in, of necessity, with the only policy which was feasible at the moment, a Mohammedan king of Delhi. And so, with a revived Mogul dynasty at its head, the Mutiny took the form of a struggle between the Moslem and the Christian for empire, and this agitated every village in which there was a mosque or a mollah.' But the emergence of the Mogul dynasty in the struggle was an after-thought, not to say an accident. The old king at Delhi, dis-crowned and almost forgotten, was caught up by the mutineers as a weapon or a flag.

The outbreak was thus, at the beginning, a purely military mutiny; but its complexion and character later on were affected by local circumstances. In Oude, for example, the Mutiny was welcomed, as it seemed to offer those dispossessed by the recent annexation a chance of revenge. At Delhi it found a centre in the old king's palace, an inspiration in Mohammedan fanaticism, and a nominal leader in the representative of the old Mogul dynasty. So the Mutiny grew into a new struggle for empire on the part of some of the Mohammedan princes.

Many of the contributing causes of the Mutiny are clear enough. Discipline had grown perilously lax throughout Bengal;

and the Bengal troops were, of all who marched under the Company's flag, the most dangerous when once they got out of hand. They consisted mainly of high-caste Brahmins and Rajpoots. They burned with caste pride. They were of incredible arrogance. The regiments, too, were made up largely of members of the same clan, and each regiment had its own complete staff of native officers. Conspiracy was easy in such a body. Secrets were safe. Interests and passions were common. When the British officers had all been slaughtered out, the regiment, as a fighting machine, was yet perfect. Each regiment was practically a unit, knit together by ties of common blood, and speech, and faith, ruled by common superstitions, and swayed by common passions.

The men had the petulance and the ignorance of children. They believed that the entire population of England consisted of 100,000 souls. When the first regiment of Highlanders landed, the whisper ran across the whole Presidency that there were no more men in England, and that, in default of men, the women had been sent out! Later on, says Trevelyan, the native mind evolved another theory to explain the Highlanders' kilts. They wore petticoats, it was whispered, as a public and visible symbol that their mission was to take vengeance for the murder of English ladies.

Many causes combined to enervate military discipline. There had been petty mutinies again and again unavenged, or only half avenged. Mutineers had been petted, instead of being shot or hanged. Lord Dalhousie had weakened the despotic authority of the commanding officers, and had taught the Sepoy to appeal to the Government against his officers.

Now the Sepoy has one Celtic quality: his loyalty must have a personal object. He will endure, or even love, a despot, but it must be a despot he can see and hear. He can be ruled; but it must be by a person, not by a 'system.' When the commander of a regiment of Sepoys ceased to be a despot, the symbol and centre of all authority, and became only a knot in a line of official red tape, he lost the respect of his Sepoys, and the power to control them. Said Rajah Maun Singh, in a remarkable letter to the Talookdars of his province: 'There used to be twenty to twenty-five British officers to every 1,000 men, and these officers were subordinate to one single man. But nowadays there are 1,000 officers and 1,000 kings among 1,000 men: the men

are officers and kings themselves, and when such is the case there are no soldiers to fight.'

Upon this mass of armed men, who had lost the first of soldierly habits, obedience, and who were fermenting with pride, fanaticism, and ignorance, there blew what the Hindus themselves called a 'Devil's wind,' charged with a thousand deadly influences. The wildest rumours ran from barracks to barracks. One of those mysterious and authorless predictions which run before, and sometimes cause, great events was current. Plassy was fought in 1757; the English raj, the prediction ran, would last exactly a century; so 1857 must see its fall. Whether the prophecy was Hindu or Mohammedan cannot be decided; but it had been current for a quarter of a century, and both Hindu and Mohammedan quoted it and believed it. As a matter of fact, the great Company did actually expire in 1857!

Good authorities hold that that the greased cartridges were something more than the occasion of the Mutiny; they were its supreme producing cause. The history of the greased cartridges may be told almost in a sentence. 'Brown Bess' had grown obsolete; the new rifle, with its grooved barrel, needed a lubricated cartridge, and it was whispered the cartridge was greased with a compound of cow's fat and swine's fat, charged with villainous theological properties. It would destroy at once the caste of the Hindu and the ceremonial purity of the Mohammedan! Sir John Lawrence declares that 'the proximate cause of the Mutiny was the cartridge affair, and nothing else.' Mr. Lecky says that 'recent researches have fully proved that the real, as well as the ostensible, cause of the Mutiny was the greased cartridges.' He adds this is 'a shameful and terrible fact.' The Sepoys, he apparently holds, were right in their belief that in the grease that smeared the cartridges was hidden a conspiracy against their religion! 'If mutiny,' Mr. Lecky adds, 'was ever justifiable, no stronger justification could be given than that of the Sepoy troops.'

But is this accusation valid? That the military authorities really designed to inflict a religious wrong on the Sepoys in the matter of the cartridges no one, of course, believes. But there was, undoubtedly, much of heavy-handed clumsiness in the official management of the business. As a matter of fact, however, no greased cartridges were actually issued to any Sepoys. Some had been sent out from England, for the purpose of testing

them under the Indian climate ; large numbers had been actually manufactured in India ; but the Sepoys took the alarm early, and none of the guilty cartridges were actually issued to the men. 'From first to last,' says Kaye, 'no such cartridges were ever issued to the Sepoys, save, perhaps, to a Ghoorka regiment at their own request.'

When once, however, the suspicions of the Sepoys were, rightly or wrongly, aroused, it was impossible to soothe them. The men were told that they might grease the cartridges themselves ; but the paper in which the new cartridges were wrapped had now, to alarmed Sepoy eyes, a suspiciously greasy look, and the men refused to handle it.

The Sepoy conscience was, in truth, of very eccentric sensitiveness. Native hands made up the accused cartridges without concern ; the Sepoys themselves used them freely—when they could get them—against the British after the Mutiny broke out. But a fanatical belief on the part of the Sepoys that these particular cartridges concealed in their greasy folds a dark design against their religion was undoubtedly the immediate occasion of the Great Mutiny. Yet it would be absurd to regard this as its single producing cause. In order to assert this, we must forget all the other evil forces at work to produce the cataclysm : the annexation of Oude ; the denial of the sacred right of 'adoption' to the native princes ; the decay of discipline in the Sepoy ranks ; the loss of reverence for their officers by the men, &c.

The Sepoys, it is clear, were, on many grounds, discontented with the conditions of their service. The keen, brooding, and somewhat melancholy genius of Henry Lawrence foresaw the coming trouble, and fastened on this as one of its causes. In an article written in March, 1856, he says that the conditions of the Indian Army denied a career to any native soldier of genius, and this must put the best brains of the Sepoys in quarrel with the British rule. Ninety out of every hundred Sepoys, he said in substance, are satisfied ; but the remaining ten are discontented, some of them to a dangerous degree ; and the discontented ten were the best soldiers of the hundred ! But, as it happened, the Mutiny threw up no native soldier of genius, except, perhaps, Tantia Topee, who was *not* a Sepoy !

'The salt water' was undoubtedly amongst the minor causes which provoked the Mutiny. The Sepoys dreaded the sea ; they believed they could not cross it without a fatal loss of caste, and

the new form of military oath, which made the Sepoy liable for over-sea service, was believed by the veterans to extend to them, even though they had not taken it, and so the Sepoy imagination was disquieted.

Lord Dalhousie's over-Anglicised policy, it may be added, was at once too liberal and too impatient for the Eastern mind, with its obstinacy of habit, its hatred of change, its easily-roused suspiciousness. As Kaye puts it, Lord Dalhousie poured his new wine into old bottles, with too rash a hand. 'The wine was good wine, strong wine, wine to gladden the heart of man'; but, poured into such ancient and shrunken bottles too rashly, it was fatal. It was because we were 'too English' that the great crisis arose, adds Kaye; and 'it was only because we were English that, when it arose, it did not overwhelm us.' We trod, in a word, with heavy-footed British clumsiness on the historic superstitions, the ancient habitudes of the Sepoys, and so provoked them to revolt. But the dour British character, which is at the root of British clumsiness, in the end overbore the revolt.

The very virtues of the British rule thus proved its peril. Its cool justice, its steadfast enforcement of order, its tireless warfare against crime, made it hated of all the lawless and predatory classes. Every native who lived by vice chafed under a justice which might be slow and passionless, but which could not be bribed, and in the long run could not be escaped.

Some, at least, of the dispossessed princes diligently fanned these wild dreams and wilder suspicions which haunted the Sepoy mind till it kindled into a flame. The Sepoys were told they had conquered India for the English; why should they not now conquer it for themselves? The chupatties—mysterious signals, coming whence no man knew, and meaning no man could tell exactly what—passed from village to village. Usually with the chupatti ran a message—'Sub lal hojaega' ('Everything will become red')—a Sibylline announcement, which might be accepted as a warning against the too rapid spread of the English raj, or a grim prediction of universal bloodshed. Whence the chupatties came, or what they exactly meant, is even yet a matter of speculation. The one thing certain is, they were a storm signal, not very intelligible, perhaps, but highly effective.

That there was a conspiracy throughout Bengal for the simultaneous revolt of all Sepoys on May 31 cannot be doubted, and,



on the whole, it was well for the English raj that the impatient troopers broke out at Meerut before the date agreed upon.

Sir Richard Temple, whose task it was to examine the ex-king of Delhi's papers after the capture of the city, found amongst them an immense number of letters and reports from leading Mohammedans—priests and others. These letters glowed with fanatical fire. Temple declared they convinced him that 'Mohammedan fanaticism is a volcanic agency, which will probably burst forth in eruptions from time to time.' But were Christian missions any source of political peril to British rule in India? On this point John Lawrence's opinion ought to be final. He drafted a special despatch on the subject, and Sir Richard Temple, who was then his secretary, declares he 'conned over and over again every paragraph as it was drafted.' It represented his final judgment on the subject. He held that 'Christian things done in a Christian way could never be politically dangerous in India.' While scrupulously abstaining from interference in the religions of the people, the Government, he held, 'should be more explicit than before'—not less explicit—'in avowing its Christian character.'

The explanation offered by the aged king of Delhi is terse, and has probably as much of truth as more lengthy and philosophical theories. Colonel Vibart relates how, after the capture of Delhi, he went to see the king, and found him sitting cross-legged on a native bedstead, rocking himself to and fro. He was 'a small and attenuated old man, apparently between eighty and ninety years of age, with a long white beard, and almost totally blind.' Someone asked the old king what was the real cause of the outbreak at Delhi. 'I don't know,' was the reply; 'I suppose my people gave themselves up to the devil!'

The distribution of the British forces in Bengal in 1857, it may be noted, made mutiny easy and safe. We have learned the lesson of the Mutiny to-day, and there are now 74,000 British troops, with 88 batteries of British artillery in India, while the Sepoy regiments number only 150,000, with 13 batteries of artillery. But in 1857 the British garrison had sunk to 38,000, while the Sepoys numbered 200,000. Most of the artillery was in native hands. In Bengal itself, it might almost be said, there were no British troops, the bulk of them being garrisoned on the Afghan or Pegu frontiers. A map showing the distribution of troops on May 1, 1857—Sepoys in black dots, and British in red—

is a thing to meditate over. Such a map is pustuled with black dots, an inky-way stretching from Cabul to Calcutta; while the red points gleam faintly and at far-stretched intervals.

All the principal cities were without European troops. There were none at Delhi, none at Benares, none at Allahabad. In the whole province of Oude there was only one British battery of artillery. The treasuries, the arsenals, the roads of the North-West Provinces might almost be said to be wholly in the hands of Sepoys. Betwixt Meerut and Dinapore, a stretch of 1,200 miles, there were to be found only two weak British regiments. Never was a prize so rich held with a hand so slack and careless! It was the evil fate of England, too, that when the storm broke some of the most important posts were in the hands of men paralysed by mere routine, or in whom soldierly fire had been quenched by the chills of old age.

Of the deeper sources of the Mutiny John Lawrence held that the great numerical preponderance of the Sepoys in the military forces holding India was the chief. 'Was it to be expected,' he asked, 'that the native soldiery, who had charge of our fortresses, arsenals, magazines, and treasuries, without adequate European control, should fail to gather extravagant ideas of their own importance?' It was the sense of power that induced them to rebel. The balance of numbers, and of visible strength, seemed to be overwhelmingly with them.

Taken geographically, the story of the Mutiny has three centres, and may be covered by the tragedy of Cawnpore, the assault on Delhi, and the heroic defence and relief of Lucknow. Taken in order of time, it has three stages. The first stretches from the outbreak at Meerut in May to the end of September. This is the heroic stage of the Mutiny. No reinforcements had arrived from England during these months. It was the period of the massacres, and of the tragedy of Cawnpore. Yet during those months Delhi was stormed, Cawnpore avenged, and Havelock made his amazing march, punctuated with daily battles, for the relief of Lucknow. The second stage extends from October, 1857, to March, 1858, when British troops were poured upon the scene of action, and Colin Campbell recaptured Lucknow, and broke the strength of the revolt. The third stage extends to the close of 1858, and marks the final suppression of the Mutiny.

The story, with its swift changes, its tragical sufferings, its alternation of disaster and triumph, is a warlike epic, and might

rather be sung in dithyrambic strains than told in cold and halting prose. If some genius could do for the Indian Mutiny what Napier has done for the Peninsular War it would be the most kindling bit of literature in the English language. What a demonstration the whole story is of the Imperial genius of the British race! 'A nation,' to quote Hodson—himself one of the most brilliant actors in the great drama—'which could conquer a country like the Punjaub with a Hindoostanee army, then turn the energies of the conquered Sikhs to subdue the very army by which they were tamed; which could fight out a position like Peshawur for years in the very teeth of the Afghan tribes; and then, when suddenly deprived of the regiments which effected this, could unhesitatingly employ those very tribes to disarm and quell those regiments when in mutiny—a nation which could do this is destined indeed to rule the world!'

These sketches do not pretend to be a reasoned and adequate 'history' of the Mutiny. They are, as their title puts it, the 'Tale' of the Mutiny—a simple chain of picturesque incidents, and, for the sake of dramatic completeness, the sketches are grouped round the three heroic names of the Mutiny—Cawnpore, Lucknow, and Delhi. Only the chief episodes in the great drama can be dealt with in a space so brief, and they will be told in simple fashion as tales which illustrate the soldierly daring of the men, and the heroic fortitude of the women, of our race.

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On the evening of May 10, 1857, the church bells were sounding their call to prayer across the parade-ground, and over the roofs of the cantonment at Meerut. It had been a day of fierce heat; the air had scorched like a white flame; all day long fiery winds had blown, hot as from the throat of a seven times heated furnace. The tiny English colony at Meerut—languid women, white-faced children, and officers in loosest undress—panted that long Sunday in their houses, behind the close blinds, and under the lazily swinging punkahs. But the cool night had come, the church bells were ringing, and in the dusk of evening officers and their wives were strolling or driving towards the church. They little dreamed that the call of the church bells, as it rose and sank over the roofs of the native barracks, was for many of them the signal of doom. It summoned the native troops of Meerut to revolt; it marked the beginning of the Great Mutiny.

Yet the very last place at which an explosion might have been

expected was Meerut. It was the one post in the north-west where the British forces were strongest. The Rifles were there, 1,000 strong; the 6th Dragoons (Carabineers), 600 strong; together with a fine troop of horse artillery, and details of various other regiments. Not less, in a word, than 2,200 British troops, in fair, if not in first-class, fighting condition, were at the station, while the native regiments at Meerut, horse and foot, did not reach 3,000. It did not need a Lawrence or a Havelock at Meerut to make revolt impossible, or to stamp it instantly and fiercely out if it were attempted. A stroke of very ordinary soldiership might have accomplished this; and in that event the Great Mutiny itself might have been averted.

The general in command at Meerut, however, had neither energy nor resolution. He had drowsed and nodded through some fifty years of routine service, rising by mere seniority. He was now old, obese, indolent, and notoriously incapable. He had agreeable manners, and a soothing habit of ignoring disagreeable facts. Lord Melbourne's favourite question, 'Why can't you leave it alone?' represented General Hewitt's intellect. These are qualities dear to the official mind, and explain General Hewitt's rise to high rank, but they are not quite the gifts needed to suppress a mutiny. In General Hewitt's case the familiar fable of an army of lions commanded by an ass was translated into history once more.

On the evening of May 5 cartridges were being served out for the next morning's parade, and eighty-five men of the 3rd Native Cavalry refused to receive or handle them, though they were the old familiar greased cartridges, not the new, in whose curve, as we have seen, a conspiracy to rob the Hindoo of his caste, and the Mohammedan of his ceremonial purity, was vehemently suspected to exist. The men were tried by a court-martial of fifteen native officers—six of them being Mohammedans and nine Hindus—and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

At daybreak on the 9th, the whole military force of the station was assembled to witness the military degradation of the men. The British, with muskets and cannon loaded, formed three sides of a hollow square; on the fourth were drawn up the native regiments, sullen, agitated, yet overawed by the sabres of the Dragoons, the grim lines of the steady Rifles, and the threatening muzzles of the loaded cannon. The eighty-five mutineers stood in the centre of the square.

One by one the men were stripped of their uniform—adorned in many instances with badges and medals, the symbols of proved courage and of ancient fidelity. One by one, with steady clang of hammer, the fetters were riveted on the limbs of the mutineers, while white faces and dark faces alike looked on. For a space of time, to be reckoned almost by hours, the monotonous beat of the hammer rang over the lines, steady as though frozen into stone, of the stern British, and over the sea of dark Sepoy faces that formed the fourth side of the square. In the eyes of these men, at least, the eighty-five manacled felons were martyrs.

The parade ended; the dishonoured eighty-five marched off with clank of chained feet to the local gaol. But that night, in the huts and round the camp fires of all the Sepoy regiments, the whispered talk was of mutiny and revenge. The very prostitutes in the native bazaars with angry scorn urged them to revolt. The men took fire. To wait for the 31st, the day fixed for simultaneous mutiny throughout Bengal, was too sore a trial for their patience. The next day was Sunday; the Sahibs would all be present at evening service in the church; they would be unarmed. So the church bells that called the British officers to prayer should call their Sepoys to mutiny.

In the dusk of that historic Sabbath evening, as the church bells awoke, and sent their pulses of clangorous sound over the cantonment, the men of the 3rd Native Cavalry broke from their quarters, and in wild tumult, with brandished sabres and cries of 'Deen! Deen!' galloped to the gaol, burst open the doors, and brought back in triumph the eighty-five 'martyrs.' The Sepoy infantry regiments, the 11th and 20th, ran to their lines, and fell into rank under their native officers. A British sergeant, running with breathless speed, brought the news to Colonel Finnis of the 11th. 'For God's sake, sir,' he said, 'fly! The men have mutinied.'

Finnis, a cool and gallant veteran, was the last of men to 'fly.' He instantly rode down to the lines. The other British officers gathered round him, and for a brief space, with orders, gesticulations, and appeals, they held the swaying regiments steady, hoping every moment to hear the sound of the British Dragoons and artillery sweeping to the scene of action. On the other side of the road stood the 20th Sepoys. The British officers there also, with entreaties and remonstrances and gestures, were trying to keep the men in line. For an hour, while the evening deepened, that

strange scene of twenty or thirty Englishmen keeping 2,000 mutineers steady lasted, and still there was no sound of rumbling guns or beat of trampling hoofs to tell of British artillery and sabres appearing on the scene. The general was asleep, or indifferent, or frightened, or helpless through sheer want of purpose or of brains !

Finnis, who saw that the 20th were on the point of breaking loose, left his own regiment, and rode over to help its officers. The dusk by this time had deepened almost into darkness. A square, soldierly figure, only dimly seen, Finnis drew bridle in front of the sullen line of the 20th, and leaned over his horse's neck to address the men. At that moment a fiercer wave of excitement ran across the regiment. The men began to call out in the rear ranks. Suddenly the muskets of the front line fell to the present, a dancing splutter of flame swept irregularly along the front, and Finnis fell, riddled with bullets. The Great Mutiny had begun !

The 11th took fire at the sound of the crackling muskets of the 20th. They refused, indeed, to shoot their own officers, but hustled them roughly off the ground. The 20th, however, by this time were shooting at every white face in sight. The 3rd Cavalry galloped on errands of arson and murder to the officers' houses. Flames broke out on every side. A score of bungalows were burning. The rabble in the bazaar added themselves to the mutineers, and shouts from the mob, the long-drawn-out splutter of venomous musketry, the shrieks of flying victims, broke the quiet of the Sabbath evening.

Such of the Europeans in Meerut that night as could make their escape to the British lines were safe ; but for the rest, every person of European blood who fell into the hands of the mutineers or of the bazaar rabble was slain, irrespective of age or sex. Brave men were hunted like rats through the burning streets, or died fighting for their wives and little ones. English women were outraged and mutilated. Little children were impaled on Sepoy bayonets, or hewn to bits with tulwars. And all this within rifle-shot of lines where might have been gathered, with a single bugle-blast, some 2,200 British troops !

General Hewitt did, indeed, very late in the evening march his troops on to the general parade-ground, and deployed them into line. But the Sepoys had vanished ; some on errands of murder and rapine, the great body clattering off in disconnected groups

along the thirty odd miles of dusty road, barred by two rivers, which led to Delhi.

One trivial miscalculation robbed the outbreak of what might well have been its most disastrous feature. The Sepoys calculated on finding the Rifles, armed only with their side-arms, in the church. But on that very evening, by some happy chance, the church parade was fixed for half an hour later than the previous Sunday. So the Native Cavalry galloped down to the lines of the Rifles half an hour too soon, and found their intended victims actually under arms! They wheeled off promptly towards the gaol; but the narrow margin of that half-hour saved the Rifles from surprise and slaughter.

Hewitt had, as we have seen, in addition to the Rifles, a strong troop of horse artillery and 600 British sabres in hand. He could have pursued the mutineers and cut them down ruthlessly in detail. The gallant officers of the Carabineers pleaded for an order to pursue, but in vain. Hewitt did not even send news to Delhi of the revolt! With a regiment of British rifles, 1,000 strong, standing in line, he did not so much as shoot down, with one fierce and wholesome volley, the budmashes, who were busy in murder and outrage among the bungalows. When day broke Meerut showed streets of ruins blackened with fire, and splashed red with the blood of murdered Englishmen and Englishwomen. According to the official report, 'groups of savages were actually seen gloating over the mangled and mutilated remains of their victims.' Yet Hewitt thought he satisfied all the obligations of a British soldier by peacefully and methodically collecting the bodies of slaughtered Englishmen and Englishwomen. He did not shoot or hang a single murderer!

It is idle, indeed, to ask what the English at Meerut did on the night of the 10th; it is simpler to say what they did not do. Hewitt did nothing that night; did nothing with equal diligence the next day—while the Sepoys that had fled from Meerut were slaying at will in the streets of Delhi. He allowed his brigade, in a helpless fashion, to bivouac on the parade-ground; then, in default of any ideas of his own, took somebody else's equally helpless advice, and led his troops back to their cantonments to protect them!

General Hewitt explained afterwards that while he was responsible for the district, his brigadier, Archdale Wilson, was in command of the station. Wilson replied that 'by the regulations,



Section XVII.,' he was under the directions of General Hewitt, and, if he did nothing, it was because that inert warrior ordered nothing to be done. Wilson, it seems, advised Hewitt not to attempt any pursuit, as it was uncertain which way the mutineers had gone. That any attempt might be made to dispel that uncertainty did not occur, apparently, to either of the two surprising officers in command at Meerut! A battery of galloper guns outside the gates of Delhi might have saved that city. It might, indeed, have arrested the Great Mutiny.

But all India waited, listening in vain for the sound of Hewitt's cannon. The divisional commander was reposing in his arm-chair at Meerut; his brigadier was contemplating 'the regulations, Section XVII.,' and finding there reasons for doing nothing, while mutiny went unwhipped at Meerut, and was allowed at Delhi to find a home, a fortress, and a crowned head! It was rumoured, indeed, and believed for a moment, over half India, that the British in Meerut had perished to a man. How else could it be explained that, at a crisis so terrible, they had vanished so completely from human sight and hearing? Not till May 24—a fortnight after the outbreak—did a party of Dragoons move out from Meerut to suppress some local plunderers in the neighbourhood.

One flash of wrathful valour, it is true, lights up the ignominy of this story. A native butcher was boasting in the bazaar at Meerut how he had killed the wife of the adjutant of the 11th. One of the officers of that regiment heard the story. He suddenly made his appearance in the bazaar, seized the murderer, and brought him away a captive, holding a loaded pistol to his head. A drum-head court-martial was improvised, and the murderer was promptly hanged. But this represents well-nigh the only attempt made at Meerut during the first hours after the outbreak to punish the mutiny and vindicate law.

Colonel Mackenzie, indeed, relates one other incident of a kind to supply a grim satisfaction to the humane imagination even at this distance of time. Mackenzie was a subaltern in one of the revolting regiments—the 3rd Bengal Light Cavalry. When the mutiny broke out he rode straight to the lines, did his best to hold the men steady, and finally had to ride for his life with two brother officers, Lieutenant Craigie and Lieutenant Clarke. Here is Colonel Mackenzie's story. The group, it must be remembered, were riding at a gallop.

The telegraph lines were cut, and a slack wire, which I did not see, as it swung across the road, caught me full on the chest, and bowled me over into the dust. Over my prostrate body poured the whole column of our followers, and I well remember my feelings as I looked up at the shining hoofs. Fortunately I was not hurt, and regaining my horse, I remounted, and soon nearly overtook Craigie and Clarke, when I was horror-struck to see a palanquin-gharry—a sort of box-shaped venetian-sided carriage—being dragged slowly onwards by its driverless horse, while beside it rode a trooper of the 3rd Cavalry, plunging his sword repeatedly through the open window into the body of its already dead occupant—an unfortunate European woman. But Nemesis was upon the murderer. In a moment Craigie had dealt him a swinging cut across the back of the neck, and Clarke had run him through the body. The wretch fell dead, the first Sepoy victim at Meerut to the sword of the avenger of blood.

For the next few weeks Hewitt was probably the best execrated man in all India. We have only to imagine what would have happened if a Lawrence, instead of a Hewitt, had commanded at Meerut that night, to realise for how much one fool counts in human history. That Hewitt did not stamp out mutiny or avenge murder in Meerut was bad; his most fatal blunder was that he neither pursued the mutineers in their flight to Delhi, nor marched hard on their tracks to the help of the little British colony there.

Lord Roberts, indeed, holds that pursuit would have been 'futile,' and that no action by the British commanders at Meerut could have saved Delhi; and this is the judgment, recorded in cold blood nearly forty years afterwards, by one of the greatest of British soldiers. Had the Lord Roberts of Candahar, however, been in command himself at Meerut, it may be shrewdly suspected the mutineers would not have gone unpursued, nor Delhi unwarned! Amateur judgments are not, of course, to be trusted in military affairs; but to the impatient civilian judgment it seems as if the massacres in Delhi, the long and bitter siege, the whole tragical tale of the Mutiny, might have been avoided if Hewitt had possessed one thrill of the fierce energy of Nicholson, or one breath of the proud courage of Havelock.

*(To be continued.)*

## PROVINCIAL LETTERS.

### I. FROM STAMFORD.

It is more by good luck than through any wisdom or virtue of our own that we find ourselves in Stamford. We were mooning, I might almost say honey-mooning, in that pleasant corner of the Midlands where Northamptonshire thrusts itself between Rutland and Huntingdon in order to shake hands with Lincolnshire. We had exhausted the very considerable merits of Oundle spire, and of King's Cliffe sacred to William Law, and were hesitating as to the next remove. Peterborough we knew had no attractions outside its magnificent cathedral; and even that masterpiece has suffered so much from pious people since Cromwell's troopers assembled in its nave, that it brings as much pain as pleasure to visit it. Someone spoke of Stamford, but, beyond suggesting a certain earldom, the name roused no memories. 'Burleigh House by Stamford-town,' murmured my wife. We are both very susceptible to the poetical associations of places, and an apposite quotation has often turned the balance of our constitutional indecision. But this was more than could be borne. 'No,' I said, 'that is too early Victorian altogether; if you think the place will be like that, let it remain unvisited for ever. I would rather wait endlessly for the train at Coventry, and hang with grooms and porters on the bridge to watch the three tall spires. I need not repeat the dialogue that followed. I was reminded that I myself had very recently made an attempt to see Hatfield, which had not succeeded, and that Burleigh belonged to an elder branch of the same great family; that our best cut-glass decanters had come from an old Lord Exeter's sale; and, finally, that if I despised Tennyson I might produce something more poetical from Drayton's 'Polyolbion' or 'Drunken Barnabee's Journey.' I was about to change the subject, when there flashed through my mind Justice Shallow's question to his cousin Silence, 'How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?' *i.e.* how much were they selling for? a question to which, it will be remembered, Silence could give no answer because he had not been there. At the first blush the question seemed trivial enough, with no impulse in it to persuade

or deter. But as the whole context came back into memory, I was not so sure that it might not be a veritable *sors Shakesperiana* charged with import.

*Shallow.* The mad days that I have spent, and to see how many of mine old acquaintances are dead!

*Silence.* We shall all follow, cousin!

*Shallow.* Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure; death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all, all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

*Silence.* Truly, cousin, I was not there.

The words began to ring their solemn changes in my head; the certainty of death, the sureness of it, the certainty to all, old acquaintances gone, and all to follow; sure and certain, certain and sure; and then against this background of inevitable fate, the acknowledgment, full of shame, that I too had not been to Stamford, and could not answer the simplest question about it, even as to the market price of a yoke of oxen. 'We will go,' I said suddenly, 'and go this very night; for death is certain.' My wife, not having followed my train of thought, looked a little surprised, but made no demur; only remarking that, notwithstanding the certainty I spoke of, she would go and telegraph for dinner to be ready upon our arrival.

That is how we came here; and, having come, we saw and were conquered by the quiet and yet romantic beauty of the place. It lies upon either bank of the river Welland, and so in two counties, rising somewhat steeply on each side, both streets being crowned by a church, the one dedicated to St. Mary, the other to St. Martin. The houses are of grey stone, and the architecture apparently of every century but the present, from Norman to Georgian, but the characteristic features which look out upon one from every corner are thirteenth or fourteenth century. Stamford is, in fact, still what a Dutch friend of mine called a 'middle-aged' town. May it never know senility! As we stood on the bridge (not, alas, the beautiful bridge figured in old prints with the Town Hall at one extremity; but a new structure of stone erected at a cost of 8,500*l.*) and looked at the clustered roofs on one side, and on the other at the long grey walls of an ancient almshouse, we could imagine ourselves back in Chaucer's England.

The stone so lavishly used comes from the neighbouring quarries of Ketton and Barnack, and the very town takes its name, on the most probable etymology, from the fact of the ford across

the Welland, before there was any bridge, having been paved. When we came to turn over the local histories and guide books, we grew not a little ashamed of the extent of our ignorance about a place which in its day had played, according to these authorities, so prominent a part in English history. The learned Dr. Peck, for example, who devoted a great folio to the chronicles of the town up to the reign of King Henry VI., opens his preface with the following comprehensive sentence :

As to the compass of this work in general, it is a brief chronicle of every reign ; in particular, it is the antiquarian annals of the town of Stanford. If we consider it as a brief chronicle of every reign, there were so many important affairs of so many of our kings themselves transacted here, that the reader will be surprised to find this one place should be the scene of so many great and curious adventures.

The town's legend—using that word without prejudice, as it is used of the saints—opens as early as the days of King Bladud of Britain who flourished in the eighth century before our era. He is said to have imported art and letters from Greece, and to have founded a university for the woaded autochthonous inhabitants of the island, a tradition which seems to be confirmed by the popularity of university colleges in Wales at the present day. Hardyng, the poet and forger (if the word be not the same), thus celebrates his foundation :

When at Athens he had studied clere,  
He brought with him iiij philosophers wise,  
Scholē to hold in Britain and exercise ;  
Stanford he made that Stanford hight this day,  
In which he made an university.

And the poet Higgins, in the 'Mirrour for Magistrates,' celebrates the salubrity of the site chosen by King Bladud :

An healthful place, not low nor high,  
An wholesome soil for their behove  
With water streams and springs for wells,  
And meadows sweet and valleys green,  
And woods, groves, quarries, all things else  
For students' weal or pleasure been.

Englishmen, however, never forget that they are a conquering race, and they cannot be brought to regard Celtic antiquities and aspirations with the serious interest they deserve. And so, on this occasion, we skipped several books of Dr. Peck's laborious annals until we came to Vortigern, who had the foresight to invite our own English ancestors into the kingdom, and by our aid

routed the Picts and Scots in the memorable battle fought at Stamford in 449 A.D. Later, during the Danish wars, when our peaceful English colonies were attacked by marauding bands of sea-rovers, under the flag of the Black Raven, Stamford seems to have changed hands more than once. The learned pseudo-Ingulphus, abbat of the neighbouring monastery of Croyland, and secretary to William the Conqueror, has an animated if somewhat confused picture of the great battle fought at Threkingham, so called, according to an early etymology, because the Danes lost three kings there. Kings, however, in those days were plentiful, and, reinforced by a fresh supply, the Danes renewed battle the next morning after their defeat. The English, notwithstanding their success, had, for some reason, lost heart and melted away during the night, all but two hundred men of Stamford, under a valiant knight called Harding (not the poet, who lived under James I.).

Sir Harding formed them into solid phalanx. But whether they had not attended with sufficient care at the lectures of the Regius Professor of War, on King Bladud's foundation, and so, as is sometimes seen in their descendants, zeal was more strongly developed than tactical skill—whatever the reason, the fact is chronicled, that by a pretended flight the Danes broke up their serried ranks and presently annihilated them, making Stamford into one of the five burghs of their new kingdom. In the days of the Plantagenets we read of parliaments and councils, and great tournaments being held at Stamford; and there gleam and flash through the illuminated pages of the old chronicles stirring scenes between King John and his barons, and between Henry III. and his barons, and we see Edward II. sign here the order for the recall of Piers Gaveston; and Richard II., 'that sweet lovely rose' (perhaps not altogether uncantered), resolve upon the abolition of the Mayor of London, because the citizens had refused him 1,000*l*. But in the civil wars between York and Lancaster the town comes again more prominently into history. It had been given by Edward III. to his son Edmund, Duke of York, so that it could not, like some other towns, turn its coat with the varying fortunes of the fight. Accordingly, when in 1461 the Lancastrians triumphed at the battle of Wakefield, Stamford had a bad time of it. 'For Andrew Trollop, grand capitaine, & as it were leader of the battel, with a great armie of Scots, Welchmen, & other strangers, beside the northern men, destroyed the townes of Grantham, Stanford, Peterborough, Huntingdon, Roiston, Melle-

borne, & in a manner all the towns by the way unto S. Albans; sparing neither abbeies, priores, or parish churches, but bare away crosses, chalices, bookes, ornaments, and other things, whatsoever was worth the carriage, as tho they had been Saracens & no christians.' Thus the learned Stow. And the learned Leland says compendiously: 'The northern men brent miche of Staunforde tounne. It was not since fully reedified.' The learned Peck enumerates six churches which were destroyed and not rebuilt. As the first thing to strike a stranger to-day in Stamford is the very large number of churches, the determination not to rebuild points to the adoption of a more utilitarian standard and some recognition of the law of supply and demand, rather than to any complete destitution or demoralisation of the inhabitants. For, had though the times were for Yorkists while the she-wolf Margaret prowled and prowled around, the coming to the throne of Edward IV. brought back something of the golden age; but the walls and towers were never rebuilt, nor could the beautiful Eleanor cross be replaced. Already in 1461 Edward had incorporated the town; and subsequently granted it leave to impale the royal arms along with the coat of the Warrens, its old feudal lords. This distinction the poet connects with the battle of Loose-coat field, so called because the Lancastrians in their flight cast away all *impedimenta*.

No city, borough, town, nor corporation,  
 Within the circuit of the British nation,  
 Such noble arms do bear upon their shield  
 As those which Stamford gained in Loose-coat field.

I find these elegant lines in the bookseller Harrod's abridgment of Peck's folio, and I have little doubt that Mr. Harrod is their author. He was guilty, earlier in life, of a tragedy called 'The Patriot,' which he dedicated most obediently, devotedly, and humbly to that representative patriot, William Beckford, Esq.

It would be tedious to follow these learned antiquaries into all the details of the town's subsequent history, which reduce themselves pretty much to royal visits. Including one by our own gracious Sovereign, these are said to number thirteen. Bluff King Hal passed through on two occasions, on one of them receiving (for some unassigned reason) a present of 20*l.*; Elizabeth and James honoured the town once each; Charles I. was here thrice, the first time in state, preceded by the mayor with the mace, when he was on his way to Scotland to be crowned, the last time in the disguise of a servant after his escape from Oxford. King



William slept in 1696 at the house of one Mrs. Riley, and went twice to look at the paintings in Burghley House; no doubt praising them, and expecting them to be presented. Another potentate, the great Protector, was also here and at Burleigh House, but he was not received with open arms, and had to prevail upon Lord Exeter with gunpowder to admit him. Stamford, as became a city bearing the royal coat, was ever passionately loyal; and this feeling extended from the citizens to the freestone of the buildings. Thus it is reported that when Elizabeth visited the city she dined at the White Friary; which, as soon as she had left the house, fell to the ground. On the other hand, Cromwell's horse fell as he was mounting a step, and in rising struck its master's head against the lintel of a door with such violence that he was carried to his house almost dead. So too on the occasion of Queen Anne's death—a circumstance so momentous that it passed into a proverb—the townspeople burned the Presbyterian meeting-house to relieve their feelings. 'Among the crowd that surrounded this melancholy spectacle,' records the historian, 'was a fiery Jacobite named Roger Dobbes, who, spreading his hands before the flame, said, "Gentlemen, this is a blessed blaze:" then lit his pipe with a splinter of the wreck.'

We were much impressed, when we first took up Dr. Peck's volume, by the title-page, which speaks of Stamford as '*Academia Tertia Anglicana*'; and at first, as we explored our way through his early chapters, we took this to be a delicate compliment to King Bladud, of famous memory. But as we read further we came upon an interesting piece of history, which, as it is not touched upon in the late Mr. Green's picturesque pages, is probably quite unknown to this generation, and I may shortly tell it. Certain Oxford students, according to Selden, migrated in 1260 by royal licence to Northampton; but when six years later they took the part of the barons and helped in the repulse of the King's troops the licence was withdrawn. Some thereupon returned to Oxford, but others, attracted by the fame of the Carmelite schools, went on to Stamford. The one unmistakable relic of their sojourn is the beautiful gate of Brasenose College in St. Paul's Street. Other halls and colleges were gradually built: Sempringham Hall for Gilbertine monks, Black Hall possibly for Dominicans, Vaudey Hall for monks belonging to the Abbey of Vaudey (*de valle Dei*). Presently the number of students was increased by a second secession from Oxford at the end of 1333,

chiefly from Merton, because that college refused to elect Northern men to their fellowships on the same terms as the Southerners. Mr. Nevinson, the learned editor of a modern guide-book to the town, suggests that the great monastery of Durham, which as in duty bound backed the Northern faction, may have offered them the Priory of St. Leonard, which, as to part of the nave, is still standing. In a petition to the King, the seceders say (in Dr. Peck's version of the original Latin) :

To our Lord the K. and to his council, pray the clerck's residing in the town of Staunford, that whereas by reason of many debates, counsels, and differences, which long time have been and still are in the University of Oxenford, whereby great damages, perils, deaths, murders, maims, and robberies, oftentimes have happened, for which, in hopes of the good grace of our Lord the K., they have retreated out of the said town of Oxenford to the town of Staunford, to study and profit more in quiet and in peace than they were wont to do, by permission of the nobleman John E. of Waren; that it would please our lord the K. to suffer the said clerck's for the future (which are his liege people) to continue in the said town of Staunford under the protection, &c.

But vested interests in Oxford proved too strong. The authorities also for their part appealed to the King, who ordered the Sheriff of Lincolnshire to prohibit the lectures and disperse the students, promising redress of grievances. Some retired, others remained. Being again petitioned from Oxford, the King sent the Sheriff once more, this time with orders to bring in the names of the recusants. There proved to be seventeen masters, one bachelor, six parish priests, then as ever devoted to learning, fourteen students, and many scholars and servants, among them 'Philip Obsonator Aeneasensis'—Philip the manciple of B.N.C. These were imprisoned for a time and then packed off back to Oxford; but the ringleader, one 'H. de R.,' had his name, whatever it was, struck off the university roll and his goods confiscated. To prevent any similar secessions in future, both the universities passed statutes imposing an oath on all candidates for degrees not to lecture or attend lectures in other places; Oxford, in the bitterness of her spirit, specifying by name the obnoxious town of Stamford. 'Jurabis quod non leges nec audies *Stanfordiæ*, tanquam in Universitate, studio vel collegio generali.' I have quoted poetry on King Bladud's university I must allow myself a few lines also upon this abortive scheme; not from Higgins, however, but Spenser, who in the 'Faery Queene' (iv. xi. 35) records Merlin's prophecy of a time

Which shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,  
Then shine in learning more than ever did  
Cambridge or Oxford, England's goodly beams,

Merlin's verses, which owing to his connection with King Bladud's university are in scholastic Latin, run as follows:

Doctrine studium quod nunc viget *ad vada boum*  
Ante finem seculi celebrabitur *ad vada saxi*.

We have been much struck in going about Stamford by the number of pious foundations. One is a particularly interesting building, though it has suffered restoration. Still the comfort of the inmates has been considered in the restoration, so that grumbling is perhaps ungenerous. Under the old arrangement the poor brethren were lodged in pens, on each side of a large hall, which terminated in a chapel: just as they still are in the almshouse at Chichester; under the new conditions they live in more spacious and better ventilated houses round a cloister. We had some talk with one of the dozen poor brothers, who was very proud of his establishment, but asked me to explain, what very much puzzled him, why the brethren should have only six shillings a week apiece, and the chaplain as much as six pounds. I could only suggest that perhaps the brethren had very tough hearts, hard to work. The brother showed me a Latin inscription said to be the composition of Mr. William Browne, the founder of the almshouse, evidently regarding it as his Magna Carta; but I was obliged to explain to him that it could not be by Mr. Browne as it recorded his death, and that no particulars were given of the ratio in which the funds were to be distributed.

This William Browne was alderman, draper, and merchant of the staple at Calais, then, of course, an English town; whence these hospitals are locally known as 'Callises.' He is buried with Margaret, his wife, in All Saints' Church with a fine brass to cover them, which still remains. Over his head is the legend 'X me spede,' and over his wife's 'Dere lady, help at nede.' He is said to have built, besides the hospital, the fine spire of the church in which he lies; and about that Mr. Harrod, the bookseller and tragic poet, has a tale to tell: 'Mr. Browne had arms placed on the north side of All Saints' steeple; chusing the obscurer side, I suppose, as less ostentatious. But about thirty years ago [*i.e.* 1775], a *Vandal* of a butcher, being churchwarden, tore down these arms, and with equal propriety set up a clock-dial on this obscure side in their place.' This butcher, alas, was not the only *Vandal* who had visited Stamford. In pacing through the churches, we were continually being reminded of how much havoc had been wrought there in

the best of names. *Tantum religio* &c. In the quiet and retired church of St. George, for example, rebuilt by the first Garter king-at-arms, William Bruges, there had once been pictured in the windows portraits of King Edward III., and the first five-and-twenty Knights of the Garter, with their bearings. Their glory has proved a symbol of this world's brittleness, and they are all gone.

The events which the local antiquaries seem most to pride themselves upon are a bitter persecution of the Jews in 1290 and a 'bull-running' on each 13th of November, which lasted from King John's time till it was suppressed in 1839. Of the Jew-baiting I extract a summary account from Mr. Harrod's compendium :

The Jews growing odious by their avarice and usury, their synagogues at Stamford and Huntingdon were profaned, says Leland, and their furniture and noble libraries sold by outcry; there were then 15,060 of them expelled the kingdom. Their houses and bonds, says Hollingshed, were confiscated, but they had a licence to take with them all their money and moveables. Many of the richest, having hired a ship, on which they put on board their treasure; when it had got to the mouth of the Thames the master of her cast anchor, till the ebb left her on dry land; then, walking with the Jews on shore for recreation, he stayed till he was privately informed that the tide was coming, he then hastened to the ship, into which he was drawn by a rope.

The Jews not knowing this till some time after, they cried to him for help; but he told them they should cry unto Moses, who had conveyed their ancestors through the Red Sea, for he was sure if they did so he was able enough to help them; they cried, indeed, but as Moses did not think proper to assist them they were all drowned, for which many of the mariners were hanged.

This sporting tale would seem to have given rise to two familiar phrases: 'On the faith of a Christian' and 'Credat Judæus.' The other famous baiting is said to have arisen in the time of the first Earl Warren, who from his castle wall saw two bulls in a meadow fighting for a cow. Upon the scene then came a butcher, who set his dog upon his own bull and pursued it into the town, where all the other available dogs joined in the chase. Earl Warren descended from his castle, and laughed so heartily to see the sport that he gave the meadow as a common to the town butchers to feed their cattle upon after the first grass had been eaten, on condition that annually they should find a mad bull to renew the pastime. The antiquaries are divided between disgust at the amusement, which they call 'beastly and mischievous,' and satisfaction at retaining a custom so ancient and unique. One of them recovers an old proverb, 'As mad as the

baiting bull of Stamford.' Another compares the *Taurovilia* of the ancient Romans. Another calculates that up to the year 1785 the noble Earl had by his benefaction caused the death of 570 bulls, and the widowhood of not less, on a modest computation, than 5,700 cows. Another describes it at such length, and with such *gusto*, that his successor remarks with sarcasm 'Mr. Howgrave's History will open almost of it's own accord at the place of it's description.' The same writer, however, laments the decay of picturesqueness in the performance of the annual rite. 'Nearly half a century ago I remember that the greatest part of the *Bullards* had uncouth and antic dresses, which they prepared with secret pride against the grand day; I remember that, for a week before this day, these imps, as soon as it grew dark, began to extend their jaws and bawl out *Hoy Bull Hoy* with great fury; seeing him, as *Shakespeare* says, in their mind's eye. I remember—but *piget meminisse*; these days are over.' I have already noted that this curious custom was put down in 1839 by the authorities, but the suppression required the presence of a detachment of dragoons. Mr. Harrod, whom I have already more than once quoted, speaking of the decay of the true spirit of recreation among the English populace, has some wise remarks which I will transcribe, without expressing any opinion of the authority by whom he defends them. 'The common people, confined by daily labour, seem to require their proper intervals of relaxation, which is absolutely necessary for the better performing of the duties of life; and I perfectly agree with that amiable writer Mr. *Sterne* in thinking that *Religion* may mix herself in the Dance, and that innocent Cheerfulness is no inconsiderable part of Devotion.'

I must not close this letter without some mention of the distinguished people who have honoured Stamford by their birth, or residence, or other compliment. I need say nothing about the great Lord Burghley, or of Archbishop Laud, once vicar of St. Martin's, because their fame flies through the lips of men; for quite the opposite reason I need say nothing of the two brothers Jackson who both were, in their day, Preachers at Lincoln's Inn, and subsequently, the one Dean of Christ Church, the other Bishop of Oxford; but I like to note that George Gascoigne, a meritorious Elizabethan poet, lies buried here; and that another lover of the Muses, the Rev. Thomas Seaton, founder of the prize at Cambridge for an English poem on a sacred subject,

was the son of a Stamford mayor. Another famous clergyman of the place, a Mr. Johnson, of the Spalding Johnsons, was the founder of Oakham and Uppingham grammar schools, twins of curiously different growth; and I must not omit the reverend antiquary to whom the history of the town owes so much, the learned Peck, who was born here in 1692. Readers of the most modern literature may care to be told that the town has also the credit of producing Sir Hudson Lowe. But none of these worthies can compete in glory with the great Daniel Lambert, whose monument at the back of St. Martin's Church is thus inscribed:

In remembrance of that prodigy in nature DANIEL LAMBERT, a native of Leicester, who was possessed of an excellent and convivial mind, and in personal greatness he had no competitor. He measured three feet one inch round the legs, nine feet four inches round the body, and weighed fifty-two stone, eleven pounds. He departed this life on June 21, 1809, aged 39 years. As a testimony of respect, this stone is erected by his friends in Leicestershire.

N.B.—The stone of 14 lbs.

The reader shall form his own conclusions as to the significance of the final statement.

One of the most interesting things in the records preserved by the Rev. Mr. Forster, one of the earliest of the long line of Stamford antiquaries, is a curious case of healing, performed upon the body of one Samuel Wallis by a stranger. The relation, written down by Wallis's own hand, is (somewhat condensed) as follows:

First of all, my sickness was a surfeit taken by carrying in of two loades of wood into my own yarde upon our greengoose faire day; it was in the year of our Lord 1645, & the day was very hot, so I tooke in hand for to carry it in my self. And when I found my self very hott, & weary, & dry, I went into the house, & dranke, & all unbrased, I layd me downe upon the grasse: And this I did at the least a half-dozen times before I had carryed it all in. At the last when I had carryed it all in, I thought myself to be very well, but only I was very hott. But in that night I fell very sick, so that many said, I should not live. So I continued very bad. But at length it turned to a feaver, & the extremity of the feaver brought me to a deep consumption. Yet I wrought of my trade for the space of four years a little; & then I grew so weak, that I could not maintain my trade any longer. . . . Then I lay in bed for the space of two whole years, except the time of my bed making, sometime about an hour when I found myself in my best ease.

Upon Whitson Sunday, about six o'clock in the afternoon, after evening sermon, being but newly up, the woman that kept me had made me a fire, & was gone forth & had shut to the doores. And as I came from my bed by the way in the window, there I tooke a paire of spectacles, & a little booke (the booke is called, 'Abrahams sute for Sodom') & I read about the space of halfe an hour; then I hard one rap at the doore, so I supposed it for to be a stranger because they came not in, & being that it was the Sabbath day. So, being that the doore was shut, I was constrained for to go my self. So I laide down the booke.

So I tooke my stick in my hand &, by the wall with my other hand, I went to the doore; which I had not been so far of two years before. And when I had opened the doore, there I did behold a fine, proper, tall, grave, old man.

He said, friend, I pray thee, give an old pilgrim a cup of thy small beer. I said, Sir I pray you come in. He said, friend, call me not Sir, for I am no sir; but come in I must, for I cannot pass thy doore, before I doe come in. I said, Sir, I pray you, come in & welcome; for indeed I had thought he had been so dry, that he could not passe the doore before he had drunk: therefore thus did I expect. So we both came in together, & left the doors both open. So with my stick in one hand & by the wall with my other, I went and drew him a cup of small beer; & I gave it him in his hand, & full glad was I to sit me down. So he walked twice or thrice to & fro, & then dranke, & thus did he walk to & fro three times, before that he had drank it all off. And then he came, & set the cup in the window by me. Then I thought that he had been going, but he was not. So he walked to & fro as he did before. All this while he said nothing to me, nor I to him. Then when he came almost at me, he said,

Friend, thou art not well. I said, no, truly, Sir, I have not been well these many years. He said, what is thy disease; I said, in a deep consumption, Sir, & our doctors saie I am past cure. He said, in that they say very well. But what have they given thee for it? I said, truly, sir, nothing, for I am a very poor man, & unable to follow Doctors advice; so I willingly commit my self into the hands of the Almighty God: whatever his will is I am very well content. In that, said he, thou saiest very well; but I will tell thee what to do by the help and power of the Almighty God above; I pray thee remember my words & observe them & do it. But, whatsoever thou doest, above all things, fear God & serve him.

To-morrow, when thou risest, go into thy garden, & there gather two red sage leaves & one bloudwort leaf, & put these three leaves into a cup of small beer, & let them lye in the cup the space of three day together; drinke as oft as need require, & when thou hast dranke it all off, fill the cup againe. But the forth day in the morning cast them away & put in three fresh leaves. And this do every fourth day for 12 daies together, neither more nor less. Therefore I pray thee remember my words, & observe them & do it; but how soever thou doest, above all things fear God & serve him. And for the space of these 12 dayes, thou must drink neither ale nor strong beer: yet afterwards thou maist, a little: & thou shalt see through the goodness & mercy of God unto thee, that before these 12 dayes be forth, thy disease will be cur'd, & thy body alter'd. But, said he, this is not all, for thou must change the air for thy health. Thou must go three, four, or five miles off, but if it be twenty miles off the better: & then thou must continue in the fresh air for the space of a whole month. Therefore I pray thee remember my words which I say unto thee, & observe them, & do it: but howsoever thou doest, above all things fear God & serve him. Now, friend, said he, I must be going.

But he stopped on the threshold to repeat his admonition; and Samuel Wallis respected it and was cured. The famous Presbyterian divine, Mr. Samuel Clerk, in his 'Examples' tells us 'that this affair being noised abroad, divers ministers met together at Stamford to consider and consult about it; and for many reasons were induced to believe that this cure was wrought by the ministry of a good angel.'

URBANUS SYLVAN.



COUNT HANNIBAL.<sup>1</sup>

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER I.

CRIMSON FAVOURS.

M. DE TAVANNES smiled. Mademoiselle averted her eyes, and shivered; as if the air, even of that close summer night, entering by the door at her elbow, chilled her. And then came a welcome interruption.

‘Tavannes!’

‘Sire!’

Count Hannibal rose slowly. The King had called; he had no choice but to obey and go. Yet he hung one last moment over his companion, his hateful breath stirring her hair. ‘Our pleasure is too soon cut short, Mademoiselle,’ he said, in the tone she loathed. ‘But for a few hours only. We shall meet to-morrow. Or, it may be—earlier.’

She did not answer, and ‘Tavannes!’ the King repeated with violence. ‘Tavannes! Mordieu!’ his Majesty continued furiously. ‘Will no one fetch him? Sacré nom, am I King, or a dog of a——’

‘Sire, I come!’ the Vicomte cried hastily, for Charles, King of France, Ninth of the name, was none of the most patient; and scarce another in the Court would have ventured to keep him waiting so long. ‘I come, sire; I come!’ Tavannes repeated.

He shouldered his way through the circle of courtiers, who barred the road to the presence, and in part hid Mademoiselle from observation. He pushed past the table at which Charles and the Comte de Rochefoucauld had been playing primero, and at which the latter still sat, trifling idly with the cards. Three more paces, and he reached the King, who stood in the *ruelle*

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1901, by Stanley J. Weyman, in the United States of America.

with Rambouillet and the Italian Marshal. It was the latter who, a moment before, had summoned his Majesty from his game.

Mademoiselle, watching him go, saw so much ; so much, and the King's roving eyes and haggard face, and the four figures, posed apart in the fuller light of the upper half of the Chamber. Then the circle of courtiers came together before her, and she sat back on her stool. A fluttering, long-drawn sigh escaped her. Now, if she could slip out and escape ! Now—and she looked round. She was not far from the door ; to withdraw seemed easy. But a staring, whispering knot of gentlemen and pages blocked the way ; and the girl, ignorant of the etiquette of the Court and with no more than a week's experience of Paris, had not the courage to rise and pass alone through the group.

She had come to the Louvre this Saturday evening under the wing of Madame d'Yverne, her *fiancé's* cousin. By ill hap Madame had been summoned to the Princess Dowager's closet, and perforce had left her. Still, Mademoiselle had her betrothed, and in his charge had sat herself down to wait, nothing loth, in the great gallery, where all was bustle and gaiety and entertainment. For this, the seventh day of the fêtes, held to celebrate the marriage of the King of Navarre and Charles's sister—a marriage which was to reconcile the two factions of the Huguenots and the Catholics, so long at war—saw the Louvre as gay, as full, and as lively as the first of the fête days had found it ; and in the humours of the throng, in the ceaseless passage of masks and maids of honour, guards and bishops, Swiss in the black, white, and green of Anjou, and Huguenot nobles in more sombre habits, the country-bred girl had found recreation and to spare. Until gradually the evening had worn away and she had grown nervous ; and M. de Tignonville, her betrothed, placing her in the embrasure of a window, had gone to seek Madame.

She had waited after his departure without much misgiving ; expecting each moment to see him return. He would be back before she could count a hundred ; he would be back before she could number the leagues that separated her from her beloved province, from her home by the Biscay Sea, to which even in that brilliant scene her thoughts turned fondly. But the minutes had passed, and passed, and he had not returned. Worse, in his place Tavannes—not the Marshal, but his brother Count Hannibal—had found her ; he, whose odious court, at once a

menace and an insult, had subtly enveloped her for a week past. He had sat down beside her, had taken possession of her, and, profiting by her inexperience, had played on her fears and smiled at her dislike. Finally, whether she would or no, he had swept her with him into the Chamber. The rest had been an obsession, a nightmare, from which only the King's voice summoning Tavannes to his side had relieved her.

The question was how to escape before he returned, and before another, seeing her alone, adopted his *rôle* and was rude to her. Already the courtiers about her were beginning to stare, the pages to turn and titter and whisper. Direct her gaze as she might, she met some eye watching her, some couple enjoying her confusion. To make matters worse, she discovered on a sudden that she was the only woman in the Chamber; perhaps she had no right to be there at this hour. At the thought her cheeks burned, her eyes dropped; the room seemed to buzz with her name, with gross words and jests, and gibes at her expense.

At last, when the situation was growing unbearable, the group before the door parted, and Tignonville appeared. The girl rose with a cry of relief, and he came to her. The courtiers glanced at the two and smiled.

He did not conceal his astonishment. 'But, Mademoiselle, how came you here?' he asked in a low voice. He was as conscious of the attention they attracted as she, and as uncertain on the point of her right to be there. 'I left you in the gallery. I came back, missed you, and——'

She stopped him by a gesture. 'Not here!' she muttered, with suppressed impatience. 'I will tell you outside. Take me—take me out, if you please, Monsieur!'

He was as glad to be gone as she was to go. The group by the doorway parted; she passed through it, he followed. In a moment the two stood in the great gallery. The crowd who had paraded here an hour before were gone, and the vast echoing apartment, used at that date as a guard-room, was well-nigh empty. Only at rare intervals, in the embrasure of a window or the recess of a door, a couple talked softly. At the farther end, at the head of the staircase which led to the hall below, and the courtyard, a group of armed Swiss lounged on guard. Mademoiselle shot a keen glance up and down, then she turned to her lover, her face hot with indignation.

'Why did you leave me?' she cried. 'Why did you leave me, if you could not come back at once? Do you understand, sir,' she continued with passion, 'that it was at your instance I came to Paris, that I came to this Court, and that I look to you for protection?'

'Surely,' he said. 'And——'

'And do you think Carlat and his wife fit guardians for me? Should I have come or thought of coming to this wedding, but for your promise, and Madame your cousin's? If I had not deemed myself almost your wife, sir,' she continued warmly, 'and secure of your protection, should I have come within a hundred miles of this dreadful city? To which, had I my will, none of our people should have come.'

'Dreadful? Pardieu, not so dreadful,' he answered, smiling, and striving to give the dispute a playful turn. 'You have seen more in a week than you would have seen at Vrillac in a lifetime, Mademoiselle.'

'And I choke!' she retorted; 'I choke! Do you not see how they look at us, at us Huguenots, in the street? How they, who live here, point at us and curse us? How the very dogs scent us out and snarl at our heels, and the babes cross themselves when we go by? Can you see the Place des Gastines and not think what stood there? Can you pass the Grève at night and not fill the air above the river with screams and wailings and horrible cries—the cries of our people murdered on that spot?' She paused for breath, recovered herself a little, and in a lower tone, 'For me,' she said, 'I think of Philippine de Luns by day and by night! The eaves are a threat to me; the tiles would fall on us had they their will; the houses nod to—to——'

'To what, Mademoiselle?' he asked, shrugging his shoulders and assuming a tone of cynicism.

'To crush us! Yes, Monsieur, to crush us!'

'And all this because I left you for a moment?'

'For an hour—or well-nigh an hour,' she answered more soberly.

'But if I could not help it?'

'You should have thought of that—before you brought me to Paris, Monsieur. In these troublous times.'

He coloured warmly. 'You are unjust, Mademoiselle,' he said. 'There are things you forget; in a Court one is not always master of oneself.'

'I know it,' she answered drily, thinking of that through which she had gone.

'But you do not know what happened!' he returned with impatience. 'You do not understand that I am not to blame. Madame d'Yverne, when I reached the Princess Dowager's closet, had left to go to the Queen of Navarre. I hurried after her, and found a score of gentlemen in the King of Navarre's chamber. They were holding a council, and they begged, nay, they compelled me to remain.'

'And it was that which detained you so long?'

'To be sure, Mademoiselle.'

'And not—Madame St. Lo?'

M. de Tignonville's face turned scarlet. The thrust in tierce was unexpected. This then was the key to Mademoiselle's spirt of temper. 'I do not understand you,' he stammered.

'How long were you in the King of Navarre's chamber, and how long with Madame St. Lo?' she asked with fine irony. 'Or no, I will not tempt you,' she went on quickly, seeing him hesitate. 'I heard you talking to Madame St. Lo in the gallery while I sat within. And I know how long you were with her.'

'I met Madame as I returned,' he stammered, his face still hot, 'and I asked her where you were. I did not know, Mademoiselle, that I was not to speak to ladies of my acquaintance.'

'I was alone, and I was waiting.'

'I could not know that—for certain,' he answered, making the best of it. 'You were not where I left you. I thought, I confess—that you had gone. That you had gone home.'

'With whom? With whom?' she repeated pitilessly. 'Was it likely? With whom was I to go? And yet it is true, I might have gone home had I pleased—with M. de Tavannes! Yes,' she continued, in a tone of keen reproach and with the blood mounting to her forehead, 'it is to that, Monsieur, you expose me! To be pursued, molested, harassed by a man whose look terrifies me, and whose touch I—I hate! To be addressed wherever I go by a man whose every word proves that he thinks me game for the hunter, and you a thing he may neglect. You are a man and you do not know, you cannot know what I suffer! What I have suffered this week past whenever you have left my side!'

Tignonville looked gloomy. 'What has he said to you?' he asked, between his teeth.

'Nothing I can tell you,' she answered with a shudder. 'It was he who took me into the chamber.'

'Why did you go?'

'Wait until he bids you do something,' she answered. 'His manner, his smile, his tone, all frighten me. And to-night, in all these there was a something worse, a hundred times worse than when I saw him last—on Thursday! He seemed to—to gloat on me,' the girl stammered, with a flush of shame, 'as if I were his! Oh, Monsieur, I wish we had never left our Saintonge! Shall we ever see Vrillac again, and the fishers' huts about the port, and the sea beating blue against the long brown causeway?'

He had listened darkly, almost sullenly; but at this, seeing the tears gather in her eyes, he forced a laugh. 'Why, you are as bad as M. de Rosny and the Vidame!' he said. 'And they are as full of fears as an egg is of meat! Since the Admiral was wounded by that scoundrel on Friday, they think all Paris is in a league against us.'

'And why not?' she asked, her cheek grown pale, her eyes reading his eyes.

'Why not? Why, because it is a monstrous thing even to think of!' Tignonville answered, with the confidence of one who did not use the argument for the first time. 'Could they insult the King more deeply than by such a suspicion? A Borgia may kill his guests, but it was never a practice of the Kings of France! Pardieu, I have no patience with them! They may lodge where they please, across the river, or without the walls if they choose, the Rue de l'Arbre Sec is good enough for me, and the King's name sufficient surety!'

'I know you are not apt to be fearful,' she answered, smiling; and she looked at him with a woman's pride in her lover. 'All the same, you will not desert me again, sir, will you?'

He vowed he would not, kissed her hand, looked into her eyes; then melting to her, stammering, blundering, he named Madame St. Lo. She stopped him.

'There is no need,' she said, answering his look with kind eyes, and refusing to hear his protestations. 'In a fortnight will you not be my husband? How should I distrust you. It was only that while she talked, I waited—I waited; and—and that Madame St. Lo is Count Hannibal's cousin. For a moment I was mad

enough to fancy that she held you on purpose. You do not think it was so?’

‘She!’ he cried sharply; and winced, as if the thought hurt him. ‘Absurd! The truth is, Mademoiselle,’ he continued with a little heat, ‘you are like so many of our people! You think a Catholic capable of the worst.’

‘We have long thought so at Vrillac,’ she answered gravely.

‘That’s over now, if people would only understand. This wedding has put an end to all that. But I’m harking back,’ he continued awkwardly; and he stopped. ‘Instead, let me take you home.’

‘If you please. Carlat and the servants should be below.’

He took her left hand in his right after the wont of the day, and with his other hand touching his sword-hilt, he led her down the staircase. In the great hall, and without in the courtyard of the palace, a mob of armed servants, of lacqueys, and footboys bearing torches, and of valets carrying their masters’ cloaks and *galoshes*, loitered to and fro. Had M. de Tignonville been a little more observant, or a trifle less occupied with his own importance, he might have noted more than one face which looked darkly on him; he might have caught more than one overt sneer at his expense. But in the business of summoning Carlat—Mademoiselle de Vrillac’s steward and major-domo—he lost the contemptuous ‘Christaudins!’ that hissed from a footboy’s lips, and the ‘Southern dogs!’ that died in the moustachios of a bully in the livery of the King’s brother. Having found the steward, he aided him to cloak his mistress; then with a ruffling air, a new acquirement, which he had picked up since he came to Paris, he made a way for her through the crowd. A moment, and the three, followed by half a dozen armed servants, bearing pikes and torches, detached themselves from the throng, and crossing the courtyard, with its rows of lighted windows, passed out by the gate between the Tennis Courts, and so into the Rue des Fosses de St. Germain.

Before them, against a sky in which the last faint glow of evening still contended with the stars, the spire and pointed arches of the church of St. Germain rose darkly graceful. It was something after nine: the heat of the August day brooded over the crowded city, and dulled the faint distant ring of arms and armour that yet would make itself heard above the hush; a hush that was not silence so much as a subdued hum. As Mademoiselle passed



the closed house beside the Cloister of St. Germain where only the day before Admiral Coligny, the leader of the Huguenots, had been shot, she pressed her escort's hand, and involuntarily drew nearer to him. But he laughed at her.

'It was a private blow,' he said, answering her unspoken thought. 'It is like enough the Guises sped it. But they know now what the King's will is, and they have taken the hint and withdrawn themselves. It will not befall again, Mademoiselle. For proof, see the guards'—they were passing the end of the Rue Bethizy, in the corner house of which, abutting on the Rue de l'Arbre Sec, Coligny had his lodgings—'whom the King has placed for his security. Fifty pikes under Cosseins.'

'Cosseins?' she repeated. 'But I thought Cosseins——'

'Was not wont to love us!' Tignonville answered with a confident chuckle. 'He was not. But the dogs lick where the master wills, Mademoiselle. He was not, but he does. This marriage has altered all.'

'I hope it may not prove an unlucky one!' she murmured. She felt impelled to say it.

'Not it!' he answered confidently. 'Why should it?'

They stopped, as he spoke, before the last house, at the corner of the Rue St. Honoré opposite the Croix du Tiroir; which rose shadowy in the middle of the four ways. He hammered on the door.

'But,' she said softly, looking in his face, 'the change is sudden, is it not? The King was not wont to be so good to us!'

'The King was not King until now,' he answered warmly. 'That is what I am trying to persuade our people. Believe me, Mademoiselle, you may sleep without fear; and early in the morning I will be with you. Carlat, have a care of your mistress until morning, and let Madame lie in her chamber. She is nervous to-night. There, sweet, until morning! God keep you, and pleasant dreams!'

He uncovered, and bowing over her hand, kissed it; and the door being open he would have turned away. But she lingered as if unwilling to enter. 'There is—do you hear it—a stir in *that* quarter?' she said, pointing across the Rue St. Honoré. 'What lies there?'

'Northward? The markets,' he answered. 'Tis nothing. They say, you know, that Paris never sleeps. Good-night, sweet, and a fair awakening!'

She shivered as she had shivered under Tavannes' eye. And still she lingered, keeping him. 'Are you going to your lodging at once?' she asked—for the sake, it seemed, of saying something.

'No, I—I was thinking,' he answered a little hurriedly, 'of paying Rochefoucauld the compliment of seeing him home. He has taken a new lodging to be near the Admiral; a horrid bare place in the Rue Bethizy, without furniture, but he would go into it to-day. And he has a sort of claim on my family, you know.'

'Yes,' she said simply. 'Of course. Then I must not detain you. God keep you safe,' she continued, with a faint quiver in her tone; and her lip trembled. 'Good-night, and fair dreams, Monsieur.'

He echoed the words gallantly. 'Of you, sweet!' he cried; and turning away with a gesture of farewell, he set off on his return.

He walked briskly, nor did he look back, though she stood awhile gazing after him. She was not aware that she gave thought to this; nor that it hurt her. Yet when bolt and bar were shot behind her, and she had mounted the cold, bare staircase of that day—when she had heard the dull echoing footsteps of her attendants as they withdrew to their lairs and sleeping-places, and still more when she had crossed the threshold of her chamber, and signed to Madame Carlat and her woman to listen—it is certain she felt a lack of something.

Perhaps the chill that possessed her came of that lack, which she neither defined nor acknowledged. Or possibly it came of the night air, August though it was; or of sheer nervousness, or of the remembrance of Count Hannibal's smile. Whatever its origin, she took it to bed with her, and long after the house slept round her, long after the crowded quarter of the Halles had begun to heave and the Sorbonne to vomit a black-frocked band, long after the tall houses in the gabled streets, from St. Antoine to Montmartre and from St. Denis on the north to St. Jacques on the south, had burst into rows of twinkling lights—nay, long after the Quarter of the Louvre alone remained dark, girdled by this strange midnight brightness—she lay awake. At length she too slept, and dreamed of home and Saintonge, and her castle of Vrillac washed day and night by the Biscay tides.

## CHAPTER II.

HANNIBAL DE SAULX, COMTE DE TAVANNES.

'TAVANNES!'

'Sire.'

Tavannes, we know, had been slow to obey the summons. When he reached the presence, the King, with Retz and Rambouillet, his Marshal des Logis, had retired to the farther end of the Chamber; and apparently Charles had forgotten that he had called. His head a little bent—he had a natural stoop—the King seemed to be listening to a low but continuous murmur of voices that proceeded from the adjacent door of his closet. One voice frequently raised was a woman's; a foreign accent, smooth and silky, marked another; a third, that from time to time broke in, wilful and impetuous, was the voice of Monsieur, the King's brother, Catherine de Médicis' favourite son. Tavannes, waiting respectfully two paces behind the King, could catch little that was said; but Charles, something more, it seemed, for on a sudden he laughed, a violent, mirthless laugh, and clapped Rambouillet on the shoulder.

'There!' he said, with one of his horrible oaths, 'tis settled! 'Tis settled! Go, man, and take your orders! And you, M. de Retz,' he continued, in a tone of savage mockery, 'go, my lord, and give them!'

'I, sire?' the Italian Marshal answered in accents of deprecation. Sometimes the young King would show his impatience of the Italian ring, the Retzs and Biragues, the Strozzi and Gondys, with whom his mother surrounded him.

'Yes, you! You and my lady mother! And in God's name answer for it at the day!' Charles continued vehemently. 'You will have it! You will not let me rest till you have it! Then have it, only see to it, it be done thoroughly! There shall not be one left to cast it in the King's teeth and cry, "Et tu, Carole!" Swim, swim in blood if you will,' he continued with growing wildness. 'Oh, 'twill be a merry night! And it's true so far, you may kill fleas all day, but burn the coat, and there's an end. So burn it, burn it, and——' He broke off with a start as he discovered Tavannes at his elbow. 'God's death, man!' he cried roughly, 'who sent for you?'

'Your Majesty called me,' Tavannes answered; while, partly

urged by the King's hand, and partly anxious to escape, the others slipped into the closet and left them together.

'I sent for you? I called your brother, the Marshal!'

'He is within, sire,' Tavannes answered, indicating the closet.

'A moment ago I heard his voice.'

Charles passed his shaking hand across his eyes. 'Is he?' he muttered. 'So he is! I heard it too. And—and a man cannot be in two places at once!' Then while his haggard gaze, passing by Tavannes, roved round the Chamber, he laid his hand on Count Hannibal's breast. 'They give me no peace, Madame and the Guises,' he whispered, his face hectic with excitement. 'They will have it. They say that Coligny—they say that he beards me in my own palace. And—and, *mordieu*,' with sudden violence, 'it's true! It's true enough! It was but to-day he was for making terms with me! With me, the King! Making terms! So it shall be, by God and Devil, it shall be! But not six or seven! No, no. All! All! There shall not be one left to say to me, "You did it!"'

'Softly, sire,' Tavannes answered; for Charles had gradually raised his voice. 'You will be observed.'

For the first time the young King—he was but twenty-two years old, God pity him!—looked at him. 'To be sure,' he whispered; and his eyes grew cunning. 'Besides, and after all, there's another way, if I choose. Oh, I've thought and thought, I can tell you.' And shrugging his shoulders, almost to his ears, he raised and lowered his open hands alternately, while his back hid the movement from the Chamber. 'See-saw! See-saw!' he muttered. 'And the King between the two, you see. That's Madame's king-craft. She's shown me that a hundred times. But look you, it is as easy to lower the one as the other,' with a cunning glance at Tavannes' face, 'or to cut off the right as the left. And—and the Admiral's an old man and will pass; and for the matter of that I like to hear him talk. He talks well. While the others, Guise and his kind, are young, and I've often thought, oh, yes, I've thought—but there,' with a sudden harsh laugh, 'my lady mother will have it her own way. And for this time she shall, but, All! All! Even Foucauld, there! Do you mark him. He's sorting the cards. Do you see him—as he will be to-morrow, with the slit in his throat and his teeth showing? Why, God!' his voice rising almost to a scream, 'the candles by him are burning blue!' And with a shaking hand, his face

convulsed, the young King clutched his companion's arm, and pinched it violently.

Count Hannibal shrugged his shoulders, but answered nothing.

'D'you think we shall see them afterwards?' Charles resumed, in a sharp, eager whisper. 'In our dreams, man? Or when the watchman cries, and we awake, and the monks are singing lauds at St. Germain, and—and the taper is low?'

Tavannes' lip curled. 'I don't dream, sire,' he answered coldly, 'and I seldom wake. For the rest, I fear my enemies neither alive nor dead.'

'Don't you? By G—d, I wish I didn't,' the young man exclaimed. His brow was wet with sweat. 'I wish I didn't. But there, it's settled. They've settled it, and I would it were done! What do you think of—of it, man? What do you think of it, yourself?'

Count Hannibal's face was inscrutable. 'I think nothing, sire,' he said drily. 'It is for your Majesty and your council to think. It is enough for me that it is the King's will.'

'But you'll not flinch?' Charles muttered with a quick look of suspicion. 'But there,' with a monstrous oath, 'I know you'll not! I believe you'd as soon kill a monk—though, thank God,' and he crossed himself devoutly, 'there is no question of that—as a man. And sooner than a maiden.'

'Much sooner, sire,' Tavannes answered grimly. 'If you have any orders in the monkish direction—no? Then your Majesty must not talk to me longer. M. de Rochefoucauld is beginning to wonder what is keeping your Majesty from your game. And others are marking you, sire.'

'By the Lord!' Charles exclaimed with a ring of wonder mingled with horror in his tone, 'if they knew what was in our minds they'd mark us more! Yet, see Nançay there beside the door? He is unmoved. He looks to-day as he looked yesterday. Yet he has charge of the work in the palace—'

For the first time Tavannes allowed a movement of surprise to escape him. 'In the palace?' he muttered. 'Is it to be done here, too, sire?'

'Would you let some escape, to return by and by and cut our throats?' the King retorted with a strange outburst of fury; an incapacity to maintain the same attitude of mind for two minutes together was perhaps the fatal weakness of his ill-balanced nature. 'No. All! All!' he repeated with vehemence. 'Didn't

Noah people the earth with eight? But I'll not leave eight! My cousins, for they are blood-royal, shall live if they will recant. And my old nurse whether or no. And Paré, for no one else understands my complexion. And——'

'And Rochefoucauld, doubtless, sire?'

The King, whose eye had sought his favourite companion, withdrew it. He darted a lowering glance at Tavannes. 'Foucauld? Who said so?' he muttered fiercely. 'Not I! But we shall see. We shall see! And do you see that you spare no one, M. le Comte, without an order. That is your business.'

'I understand, sire,' Tavannes answered coolly. And then, seeing that the King had done with him, he bowed low and withdrew; watched by the circle, as all about a King were watched in the days when a King's breath meant life or death, and his smile made the fortunes of men. As he passed Rochefoucauld, the latter looked up and nodded.

'What keeps brother Charles?' he muttered. 'He's madder than ever to-night. Is it a masque or a murder he is planning?'

'The vapours,' Tavannes answered with a sneer. 'Old tales his old nurse has stuffed him withal. He'll come by-and-by, and 'twill be well if you can divert him.'

'I will if he come,' Rochefoucauld answered, shuffling the cards. 'If not 'tis Chicot's business and he should attend to it. I'm tired and shall to bed.'

'He will come,' Tavannes answered, and moved, as if to go on. Then he stopped for a last word. 'He will come,' he muttered, stooping and speaking under his breath, 'but play him lightly. He is in an ugly mood. Please him, if you can, and it may serve.'

The eyes of the two met an instant, and those of Foucauld—so the King always called his Huguenot favourite—betrayed some surprise; for Count Hannibal and he were not intimate. But finding the other serious he raised his brows in acknowledgment. Tavannes nodded carelessly in return, looked an instant at the cards on the table, and passed on, pushed his way through the circle, and reached the door. He was lifting the curtain to go out, when Nançay, the Captain of the Guard, plucked his sleeve.

'What have you been saying to Foucauld, M. de Tavannes?' he muttered.

'I?'

'Yes,' with a jealous glance, 'you, M. le Comte.'

Count Hannibal looked at him with the sudden ferocity that

was characteristic of the man. 'What I chose, M. le Capitaine des Suisses!' he hissed. And his hand closed like a vice on the other's wrist. 'What I chose, look you! And remember, another time, that I am not a Huguenot, and say what I please.'

'But there is great need of care,' Nançay protested, stammering and flinching. 'And—and I have orders, M. le Comte.'

'Your orders are not for me,' Tavannes answered, releasing his arm with a contemptuous gesture. 'And look you, man, do not cross my path to-night. You know our motto? Who touches my brother, touches Tavannes! Be warned by it.'

Nançay scowled. 'But the priests say, "If your hand offend you cut it off!"' he muttered.

Tavannes laughed, a sinister laugh. 'If you offend me I'll cut your throat,' he said; and with no ceremony he went out, and dropped the curtain behind him.

Nançay looked after him, his face pale with rage. 'Curse him!' he whispered, rubbing his wrist. 'If he were anyone else I would teach him! But he would as soon run you through in the presence as in the *Pré aux Clercs*! And his brother, the Marshal, has the King's ear! And Madame Catherine's too, which is worse!'

He was still fuming when an officer in the colours of Monsieur, the King's brother, entered hurriedly, and keeping his hand on the curtain, looked anxiously round the Chamber. As soon as his eye found Nançay, his face cleared. 'Have you the reckoning?' he muttered.

'There are seventeen Huguenots in the palace besides their Highnesses,' Nançay replied, in the same cautious tone. Not counting two or three who are neither the one thing nor the other. In addition, there are the two Montmorencies; but they are to go safe for fear of their brother, who is not in the trap. He is too like his father, the old Bench-burner, to be lightly wronged! And besides, there is *Paré*, who is to go to his Majesty's closet as soon as the gates are shut. If the King decides to save anyone else, he will send him to his closet. So 'tis all clear and arranged here. If you are as forward outside, it will be well! Who deals with the gentleman with the tooth-pick?'

'The Admiral? Monsieur, Guise, and the Grand Prior; Cosseins and Besme have charge. 'Tis to be done first. Then the Provost will raise the town. He will have enough stout fellows ready at three or four rendezvous, so that the fire may blaze up everywhere at once. Marcel, the ex-provost, has the same



commission south of the river. Orders to light the town as for a frolic have been given, and the Halles will be ready.'

Nançay nodded, reflected a moment, and then with an involuntary shudder, 'God!' he exclaimed, 'it will shake the world!'

'You think so?'

'Ay, will it not!' His next words showed that he bore Tavannes' warning in mind. 'For me, my friend, I go in mail to-night,' he said. 'There will be many a score paid before morning, besides his Majesty's. And many a left-handed blow will be struck in the *mêlée*!'

The other crossed himself. 'Grant none light here!' he said devoutly. And with a last look he nodded and went out.

In the doorway he jostled a person who was in the act of entering. It was M. de Tignonville, who, seeing Nançay at his elbow, saluted him, and stood looking round. The young man's face was flushed, his eyes were bright with unwonted excitement. 'M. de Rochefoucauld?' he asked eagerly. 'He has not left yet?'

Nançay caught the thrill in his voice, and marked his flushed face, his altered bearing. He noted, too, the crumpled paper he carried half-hidden in his hand; and the Captain's countenance grew dark. He drew a step nearer and his hand reached softly for his dagger. But his voice when he spoke was smooth, smooth as the surface of the pleasure-loving Court, smooth as the externals of all things in Paris that summer evening. 'He is here still,' he said. 'Have you news, M. de Tignonville?'

'News?'

'For M. de Rochefoucauld?'

Tignonville laughed. 'No,' he said. 'I am here to see him to his lodging, that is all. News, Captain? What made you think so?'

'That which you have in your hand,' Nançay answered, his fears relieved.

The young man blushed to the roots of his hair. 'It is not for him,' he said.

'I can see that, Monsieur,' Nançay answered politely. 'He has his successes, but all the billets-doux do not go one way.'

The young man laughed, a conscious, flattered laugh. He was handsome, with such a face as women love, but there was a slight lack of ease in the way he wore his Court suit. It was a trifle finer than accorded with Huguenot taste; and it looked finer for the way he wore it, even as Teligny's and Foucauld's velvet capes and

stiff brocades lost their richness and became but the adjuncts, fitting and graceful, of the men. Odder still, as Tignonville laughed, half-hiding and half revealing the dainty scented paper in his hand, his clothes seemed smarter and he more awkward than usual. 'It is from a lady,' he admitted. 'But a bit of badinage, I assure you, nothing more?'

'Understood!' M. de Nançay murmured politely. 'I congratulate you.'

'But——'

'I say I congratulate you!'

'But it is not——'

'Oh, I understand. And see, the King is about to rise. Go forward, Monsieur,' he continued benevolently. 'A young man should show himself. And his Majesty likes you well,' he added with a leer. He had an unpleasant sense of humour, had his Majesty's Captain of the Guard; and this evening somewhat more than ordinary on which to exercise it.

Tignonville, however, had too good an opinion of himself to suspect the other of badinage; and thus encouraged he pushed his way to the front of the circle. The crowd in the Chamber, during his absence with his betrothed, had grown thin. The candles had burned an inch shorter in the sconces. But though many had left, the more select remained, and the King's return to his seat had given the company a fillip. An air of feverish gaiety, common in the unhealthy life of the Court, prevailed everywhere. At a table abreast of the King, Montpensier and Marshal Cossé were dicing and disputing, with now a yell of glee, and now an oath, that betrayed which way fortune inclined. At the back of the King's chair, Chicot, his gentleman-jester, hung over Charles's shoulder, now scanning his cards, and now making hideous faces that threw the on-lookers into fits of laughter. Farther up the Chamber, at the end of the alcove, Marshal Tavannes—our Hannibal's brother—occupied a low stool, set opposite the open door of the closet. Through this doorway a slender, provoking foot, silk-clad, shot now and again into sight; it came, it vanished, it came again, the gallant Marshal striving at each appearance to rob it of its slipper, a dainty jewelled thing of crimson velvet. He failed thrice, a peal of laughter greeting each failure. At the fourth essay, he upset his stool and fell to the floor, but held the slipper. And not the slipper only, but the foot. Amid a flutter of silken skirts and dainty laces—while the

hidden beauty shrilly protested—he dragged first the ankle, and then a rounded shapely leg into sight. The circle applauded; the lady, feeling herself still drawn on, screamed loudly and more loudly. All save the King and his opponent turned to look. And then the sport came to an end. A sinewy hand appeared, interposed, released; for an instant the dark, handsome face of Guise looked through the doorway. It was gone as soon as seen; it was there a second only. But more than one recognised it, and wondered. For was not the young Duke in evil odour with the King by reason of the attack on the Admiral? And had he not been chased from Paris only that morning and forbidden to return?

They were still wondering, still gazing, when abruptly—as he did all things—Charles thrust back his chair. ‘Foucauld, you owe me ten pieces!’ he cried with glee, and he slapped the table. ‘Pay, my friend; pay!’

‘To-morrow, little master; to-morrow!’ Rochefoucauld answered in the same tone. And he rose to his feet.

‘To-morrow!’ Charles repeated. ‘To-morrow?’ And on the word his jaw fell. He looked wildly round. His face was ghastly.

‘Well, sire, and why not?’ Rochefoucauld answered in astonishment. And in his turn he looked round, wondering; and a chill fell on him. ‘Why not?’ he repeated.

For a moment no one answered him: the silence in the Chamber was intense. Where he looked, wherever he looked, he met solemn, wondering eyes, such eyes as gaze on men in their coffins. ‘What has come to you all?’ he cried with an effort. ‘What is the jest, for faith, sire, I don’t see it?’

The King seemed incapable of speech, and it was Chicot who filled the gap. ‘It is pretty apparent,’ he said with a rude laugh. ‘The cock will lay and Foucauld will pay—to-morrow!’

The young nobleman’s colour rose; between him and the Gascon gentleman was no love lost. ‘There are some debts I pay to-day,’ he cried haughtily. ‘For the rest, farewell my little master! When one does not understand the jest it is time to be gone.’

He was half-way to the door, watched by all, when the King spoke. ‘Foucauld!’ he cried in an odd, strangled voice. ‘Foucauld!’ And the Huguenot favourite turned back, wondering.

‘A minute!’ the King continued in the same forced voice.

'Stay till morning—in my closet. It is late now. We'll play away the rest of the night!'

'Your Majesty must excuse me,' Rochefoucauld answered frankly. 'I am dead asleep.'

'You can sleep in the Garde-Robe,' the King persisted.

'Thank you for nothing, sire!' was the gay answer. 'I know that bed! I shall sleep longer and better in my own.'

The King shuddered, but strove to hide the movement under a shrug of his shoulders. He turned away. 'It is God's will!' he muttered. He was white to the lips.

Rochefoucauld did not catch the words. 'Good night, sire,' he cried. 'Farewell, little master.' And with a nod here and there, he passed to the door, followed by Mergey and Chamont, two gentlemen of his suite.

Nançay raised the curtain with an obsequious gesture. 'Pardon me, M. le Comte,' he said, 'do you go to his Highness's?'

'For a few minutes, Nançay.'

'Permit me to go with you. The guards may be set.'

'Do so, my friend,' Rochefoucauld answered. 'Ah, Tignonville, is it you?'

'I am come to attend you to your lodging,' the young man said. And he ranged up beside the other, as, the curtain fallen behind them, they walked along the gallery.

Rochefoucauld stopped and laid his hand on his sleeve. 'Thanks, dear lad,' he said, 'but I am going to the Princess Dowager's. Afterwards to his Highness's. I may be detained an hour or more. You will not like to wait so long.'

M. de Tignonville's face fell ludicrously. 'Well, no,' he said. 'I—I don't think I could wait so long—to-night.'

'Then come to-morrow night,' Rochefoucauld answered with good nature

'With pleasure,' the other cried heartily, his relief evident. 'Certainly. With pleasure.' And, nodding good-night, they parted. While Rochefoucauld, with Nançay at his side and his gentlemen attending him, passed along the echoing and now empty gallery, the younger man bounded down the stairs to the great hall of the Caryatides, his face radiant. He for one was not sleepy.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE HOUSE NEXT THE 'GOLDEN MAID.'

WE have it on record that before the Comte de la Rochefoucauld left the Louvre that night he received more than one hint of the peril that threatened him; and at least one written warning, which was handed to him by a stranger in black, and by him in turn was communicated to the King of Navarre. We are told further that when he at last took his final leave, about the hour of eleven, he found the courtyard brilliantly lighted, and the three companies of guards—Swiss, Scotch, and French—drawn up in ranked array from the door of the great hall to the gate which opened on the street. But, the chronicler adds, neither this precaution, sinister as it appeared to some of his suite, nor the grave farewell which Rambouillet, from his post at the gate, took of one of his gentlemen, shook that chivalrous soul or sapped its generous confidence.

M. de Tignonville was young and less versed in danger than the Governor of Rochelle; and with him, had he seen so much, it might have been different. But he left the Louvre an hour earlier—at a time when the precincts of the palace, gloomy-seeming to us in the light cast by coming events, wore their wonted aspect. His thoughts, moreover, as he crossed the courtyard, were otherwise employed. Indeed, though he signed to his two servants to follow him, he seemed barely conscious what he was doing, nor did he shake off his reverie until he reached the corner of the Rue Baillet. Here the voices of the Swiss on guard opposite Coligny's lodgings, at the end of the Rue Bethizy, could be plainly heard. They had kindled a fire in an iron basket set in the middle of the road, and knots of them were visible in the distance, moving to and fro about their piled arms.

Before he came within the radius of the firelight, Tignonville turned, and curtly bade his servants take their way home. 'I shall follow, but I have business first,' he added.

The elder of the two demurred. 'The streets are not too safe,' he said. 'In two hours or less, my lord, it will be midnight. And then——'

'Go, booby; do you think I am a child?' his master retorted angrily. 'I've my sword and can use it. I shall not be long. And do you hear, men, keep a still tongue, will you?'

The men, country fellows, obeyed reluctantly, and with a full intention of sneaking after him the moment he had turned his back. But he suspected them of this, and stood where he was until they had passed the fire, and could no longer detect his movements. Then he plunged quickly into the Rue Baillet, gained through it the Rue du Roule, and traversing that also, turned to the right into the Rue Ferronnerie, the main thoroughfare, east and west, of Paris. Here he halted in front of the long, dark outer wall of the Cemetery of the Innocents, in which, across the tombstones and among the sepulchres of dead Paris, the living Paris of that day, bought and sold, walked, gossiped, and made love.

About him things were to be seen that would have seemed stranger to him had he been less strange to the city. From the quarter of the markets north of him, a quarter that fenced in the cemetery on two sides, the same dull murmur proceeded, which Mademoiselle de Vrillac had remarked an hour earlier. The sky above the cemetery glowed with reflected light, the cause of which was not far to seek, for every window of the tall houses that overlooked it, and the huddle of booths that fringed it, contributed a share of the illumination. At an hour late even for Paris, an hour when honest men should have been sunk in slumber, this strange brilliance did for a moment perplex him; but the past week had been so full of fêtes, of masques and frolics, often devised on the moment and dependent on the King's whim, that he set this also down to some such cause, and wondered and no more.

The lights in the houses flung their radiance high, but beside the closed gate of the cemetery, and between two hovels, was a votive lamp burning before an image of the Mother and Child. He crossed to it, and assuring himself by a glance to right and left that he stood in no danger from prowlers, he drew a note from his breast. It had been slipped into his hand in the gallery before he saw Mademoiselle to her lodging; it had been in his possession barely an hour. But brief as its contents were, and easily committed to memory, he had perused it thrice already.

'At the house next the "Golden Maid," Rue Cinq Diamants, an hour before midnight, you may find the door open should you desire to talk farther with C. St. L.'

As he read it for the fourth time the light of the lamp fell

athwart his face ; and even as his fine clothes had never seemed to become him worse than when he faintly denied the imputations of gallantry launched at him by Nançay, so he had never looked less handsome than he did now. The glow of vanity which warmed his cheek as he read the message, the smile of triumph which wreathed his lips, bespoke a nature not of the most noble ; or the lamp did him less than justice. Presently he kissed the note, and hid it. He waited until the clock of St. Jacques struck the hour before midnight ; and then moving on he turned to the right by way of the narrow neck that led to the Rue Lombard. He walked in the kennel here, his sword in his hand and his eyes looking to right and left ; for the place was notorious for robberies. But though he saw more than one figure lurking in a doorway or under the arch that led to a passage, it vanished on his nearer approach. In less than a minute he reached the southern end of the street that bore the odd title of the Five Diamonds.

Situate in the crowded quarter of the butchers, and almost in the shadow of their famous church, this street—which farther north was continued in the Rue Quincampoix—presented a not uncommon mingling of poverty and wealth. On the one side of the street a row of lofty gabled houses built under Francis the First, sheltered persons of good condition ; on the other, divided from these only by the width of the road and a reeking kennel, a row of pent-houses, the hovels of cobblers and sausage-makers, leaned against shapeless timber houses which tottered upwards in a medley of sagging roofs and bulging gutters. Tignonville was strange to the place, and nine nights out of ten he would have been at a disadvantage. But, thanks to the tapers that shone in many windows, he made out enough to see that he need search only the one side ; and with a beating heart he passed along the row of newer houses, looking eagerly for the sign of the ‘Golden Maid.’

He found it at last ; and then for a moment he stood puzzled. The note said, next door to the ‘Golden Maid,’ but it did not say on which side. He scrutinised the nearer house, but he saw nothing to determine him ; and he was proceeding to the farther, when he caught sight of two men, who, ambushed behind a horse-block on the opposite side of the roadway, seemed to be watching his movements. Their presence flurried him ; but to his relief his next glance at the houses showed him that the door of the



farther one was unlatched. It even stood slightly ajar, permitting a beam of light to escape into the street.

He stepped quickly to it—for the sooner he was within the house the better—pushed the door open and entered. As soon as he was inside he tried to close the entrance after him, but he found he could not; the door would not shut. After a brief trial he abandoned the attempt and passed quickly on, through a bare lighted passage that led to the foot of a staircase, equally bare. He stood here an instant listening, in the hope that Madame's maid would come to him. At first he heard nothing save his own breathing; then a gruff voice from above startled him. 'This way, Monsieur,' it said. 'You are early, but not too soon!'

So Madame trusted her footman! M. de Tignonville shrugged his shoulders; but after all, it was no affair of his, and he went up. Half-way to the top, however, he stood, an oath on his lips. Two men had entered by the open door below—even as he had entered! And as quietly!

The imprudence of it! The imprudence of leaving the door so that it could not be closed! He turned, and descended to meet them, his teeth set, his hand on his sword, one conjecture after another whirling in his brain. Was he beset? Was it a trap? Was it a rival? Was it chance? Two steps he descended; and then the voice he had heard before cried again, but more imperatively, 'No, Monsieur, this way! Did you not hear me? And be quick, if you please. By-and-by there will be a crowd, and then the more we have dealt with the better!'

He knew now that he had made a mistake, that he had entered the wrong house; and naturally his impulse was to continue his descent and to secure his retreat. But the pause had brought the two men who had entered face to face with him, and they showed no signs of giving way. On the contrary,

'The room is above, Monsieur,' the foremost said, in a matter-of-fact tone. 'After you, if you please,' and he signed to him to return.

He was a burly man, grim, even truculent in appearance, and his follower was like him. Tignonville hesitated, then turned and ascended. But as soon as he had reached the landing where they could pass him, he turned again.

'I have made a mistake, I think,' he said. 'I——'

'The house next the "Golden Maid," Monsieur?'

'Yes.'

'Rue Cinq Diamants, Quarter of the Boucherie?'

'Yes.'

'No mistake then,' the stout man answered firmly. 'You are early, that is all. You have arms, I see. Maillard!'—to the person whose voice Tignonville had heard at the head of the stairs—'A white sleeve, and a cross for Monsieur's hat, and his name on the register. Come, make a beginning! Make a beginning, man.'

'To be sure, Monsieur. All is ready.'

'Then lose no time, I say. Here are others, also early in the good cause. Gentlemen, welcome! Welcome all who are for the true faith! Death to the heretics! "Kill, and no quarter!" is the word to-night!'

'Death to the heretics!' the last comers cried in chorus. 'Kill and no quarter! At what hour, M. le Prévot?'

'At day-break,' the Provost answered importantly. 'But have no fear, the tocsin will sound. The King and our good man M. de Guise have all in hand. A white sleeve, a white cross, and a sharp knife shall rid Paris of the vermin! Gentlemen of the quarter, the word of the night is "Kill, and no quarter! Death to the Huguenots!"'

'Death! Death to the Huguenots! Kill, and no quarter!' A dozen—the room was beginning to fill—waved their weapons and echoed the cry.

Tignonville had been fortunate enough to apprehend the position—and the peril in which he stood—at the moment Maillard advanced to him bearing a white linen sleeve. In the instant of discovery his heart had stood a moment, the blood had left his cheeks; but with some faults, he was no coward, and he managed to hide his emotion. He held out his left arm, and suffered the beadle to pass the sleeve over it and to secure the white linen above the elbow. Then at a gesture he gave up his velvet cap, and saw it decorated with a white cross of the same material. 'Now the register, Monsieur,' Maillard continued briskly; and waving him in the direction of a clerk, who sat at the end of the long table with a book and an ink-horn before him, he turned to the next comer.

Tignonville would fain have avoided the ordeal of the register, but the clerk's eye was on him. He had been fortunate so far, but

he knew that the least breath of suspicion would destroy him, and summoning his wits together he gave his name in a steady voice, 'Anne Desmartins.' It was his mother's maiden name, and the first that came into his mind.

'Of Paris?'

'Recently; by birth, of the Limousin.'

'Good, Monsieur,' the clerk answered, writing in the name. And he turned to the next. 'And you, my friend?'

*(To be continued.)*

January 22nd, 1901.

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The Nation and the Empire are mourning. The hand of death has brought to a close the long and beneficent reign of Queen Victoria. A sense of personal loss oppresses the heart and mind of all who speak the English tongue. Instinctively the thoughts of those who conduct the *CORNHILL MAGAZINE* turn to the sadly memorable date in December, 1861, when the British people suffered the last sorrow that may be compared with their present grief—the death of the Queen's Consort. Mr. Thackeray, one of the greatest men of letters in that era of literature which will always bear the dead Queen's name, was then the editor. As the magazine for January, 1862, was passing through the press, he gave voice to the nation's grief in words which were never reprinted. But to-day they acquire a new life of pathos, and they may fittingly be adapted to the sorrow that has now befallen us.

Wise, just, moderate, admirably pure of life, the friend of freedom and peace, and of all peaceful arts, the Queen has passed from our troubled sphere to that serene one where justice and peace reign eternal. She leaves her throne and its new occupant to the guardianship of a great people whose affection her life well earned; whose best sympathies watch her children's grief; and whose best strength and love and loyalty attend her successor.



